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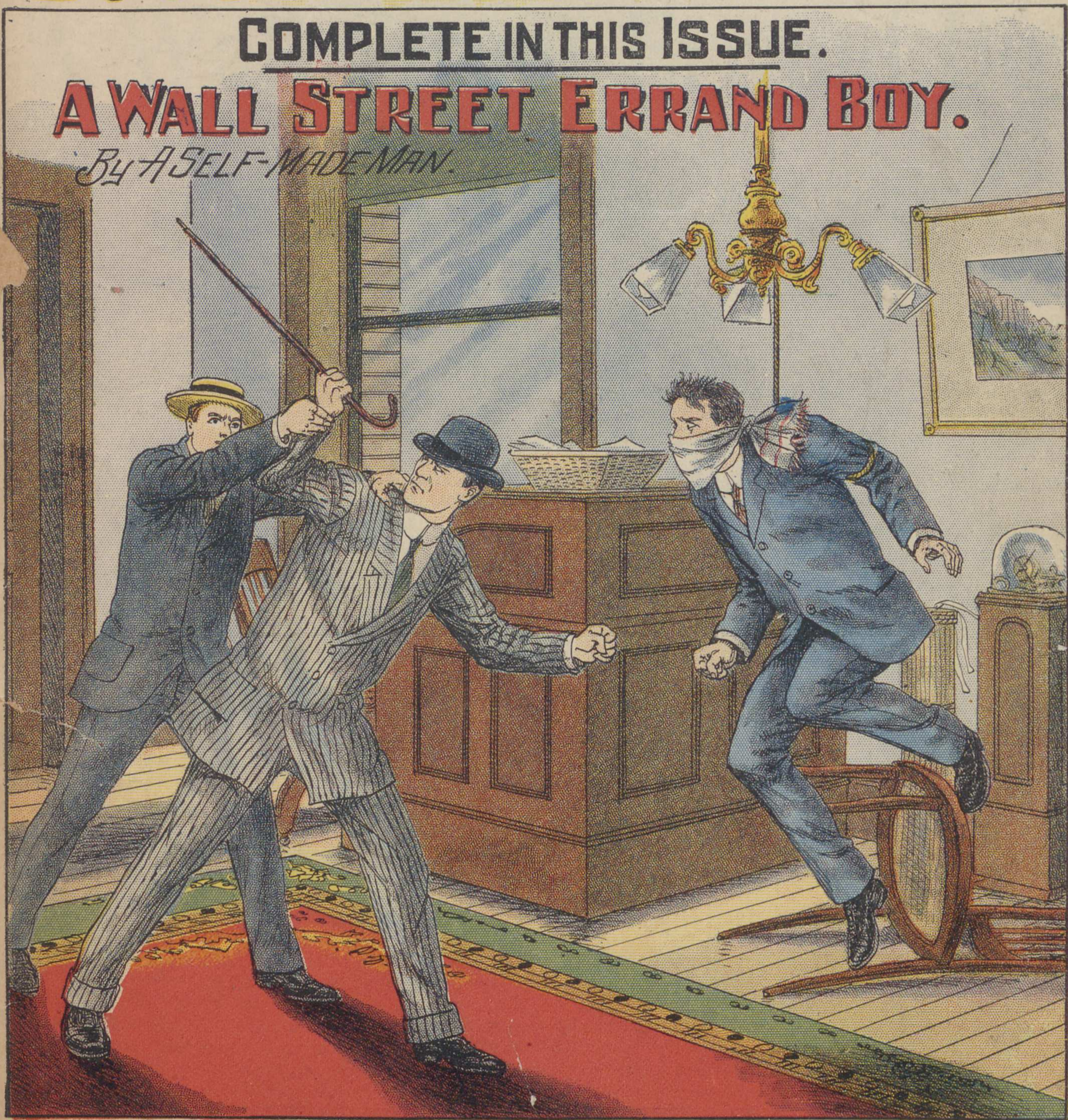
FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.

A WALL STREET ERRAND BOY.

By A SELF-MADE MAN.



He gave Dick a whack on the legs with his cane, causing him to leap in the air, and upset the chair. Before he could strike a second blow, Bob bounded forward, and seizing his uplifted arm, stopped it.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1911.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

A Wall Street Errand Boy

AND

HOW HE MADE MONEY IN STOCKS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN IN THE FUR COAT.

"Get out of my way!" snarled a pedestrian in a fur coat and derby hat, roughly, to a pleasant-featured youth, as the two met with a bump in a trampled snow path on Nassau street, near Pine.

It was a bitter cold afternoon, snowing and sleeting at the same time, while a howling wind blew both over the persons, and into the eyes, of every one obliged to be on the streets of New York.

One could hardly see a couple of feet in advance, for the fire particles of frozen snow stung the eyes and skin like a myriad of insects, compelling people to keep their eyelids partly closed against it, consequently collisions were numerous and unavoidable.

Most people took such little misadventures in good part and passed on in silence, while the unintentional aggressor generally muttered some kind of apology.

"Beg your pardon, sir!" said the snow-incrusted boy.

"Get out of my way!" roared the man, giving the lad a shove, which was a superfluous piece of rudeness on his part.

The boy was up in arms in a moment.

"Who you shoving?" he said, butting the man with his elbow as he passed him.

The man whirled around, with an imprecation, raised his foot and kicked at the lad.

The effort caused him to lose his balance on the slippery, frozen surface and he went down into the softer snow on the edge of the curb, sinking his head and elbows into it.

The hand-bag he carried was almost buried out of sight.

"Served you right, you big stuff!" said the boy, highly elated at his aggressor's discomfiture.

The man ripped out another expression that was more

forcible than polite, and picking up a frozen piece of snow flung it at the lad.

The boy easily avoided it and retaliated with a snowball, which landed on the man's face.

The lad then darted into a stationer's store, where he was bound.

After delivering a message to one of the clerks, he went to the door and tried to look out through the sleet-covered panes.

The attempt was a failure and he gave it up, going over near a steam radiator to infuse a little warmth into his stiffened fingers, which were rough and red under his mitts.

In a few minutes he was handed a package, and there being nothing to detain him longer in the store, he walked out into the wintry air and turned his face toward Wall Street.

The pelting blizzard now flogged him on the back, which was a whole lot less uncomfortable than getting it in his face, as was the case when he ran against the well-dressed stranger.

The boy's name was Bob Gaynor, and he was errand boy for a well-known money-lender in a big Wall Street office building.

He had been working for Caxton Newberry for the better part of a year, and was something of a favorite with his employer, for he was bright, active and gentlemanly in the office, whatever he was outside.

His mother was a poor dressmaker, who lived on the lower east side, and since the death of her husband, a few years before, Bob was the only comfort she had.

When he reached the office he went up to the bookkeeper's desk and handed him the package he had brought from the stationer's.

"It's something fierce out to-day," he said.

"That's what it is," replied the man. "I don't know

how I'm going to get home. The trains are liable to be held up by the weather."

The bookkeeper was a New Jersey commuter, whose cottage, on which there was still a large mortgage, was situated some fifteen miles from Jersey City, and the train service was not to be relied on in blizzard weather.

"You ought to live in the city in the winter, Mr. Cox," said Bob.

"I ought to be able to do a good many things, Bob," smiled the bookkeeper, "but I can't afford to change my residence twice a year."

"Some day I expect to own a city house and a country villa, too," said Bob.

"I hope you will, but I'm afraid that it won't be soon."

"Oh, I have lots of time before us. I'm only sixteen."

"I'm forty, and I haven't made much great headway in the world."

"You never will till you become your own boss."

"I'm afraid there is small chance of that for me. I've always worked for a salary and always expect to."

"Then I'm afraid you always will if you expect to. Now, I expect to be boss of my own business one of these days."

"What kind of business have you in your mind's eye?"

"Something in the Wall Street line. Maybe I'll hang out my shingle as a broker."

"A broker! What do you know about the brokerage business?"

"Not enough to set the Street on fire, but I can hire people who do know."

"A man in business out to know more about his line than the clerks he hires, otherwise they will take advantage of his ignorance. That's human nature, and you can't get away from it."

"The clerk who gets the better of me will have to get up every morning before daylight," said Bob, with a vigorous nod of his curly head.

The bookkeeper smiled and went on with his work, while Bob took his seat at a small desk and resumed the job he was on when called to go out.

The office force consisted only of the bookkeeper, a stenographer named Miss Casey, who also assisted the bookkeeper, and Bob, who, though rated as errand boy, was a kind of general assistant to everybody.

At any rate, Miss Casey seemed to consider that she had a sort of proprietary interest in him, for she was always calling on him, when he was not otherwise employed, to do something to ease her own labor.

Every day she sent him out to buy her lunch, and the bookkeeper acquired the habit from her.

The boss also frequently lunched in his office, and Bob fetched him whatever he wanted.

Bob, as he glanced out of the window, hoped he wouldn't have to go out again in a hurry, but that was too much for him to expect.

Business went on in the office just the same in foul weather as in fair, and half of his time was usually spent on the streets.

The only sounds that broke the silence of the room as the boy plugged away at his job of copying in a book, was the clicking of Miss Casey's typewriter and the scratching of the bookkeeper's pen, or some other movement on his part.

Presently the door opened and a visitor came in.

Bob gave a gasp as he put down his pen and rose to ask him his business.

It was the man with the fur overcoat whom he had encountered in Nassau street.

He wondered if the man would recognize him.

"Well, sir?" he asked, interrogatively.

"Is Mr. Newberry in?" asked the caller, sharply, giving Bob a superficial look, in which there was no recognition, apparently.

"Yes, sir. Wish to see him?"

"I do. My name is Norton Crosby. Take it in to him."

"And your business?"

"What is that to you, you young whippersnapper! Take my name in, do you hear?" and the visitor glared at him.

"All right, sir."

Bob knocked at the door of the private room, and being told to enter, walked in and announced Mr. Crosby.

"I don't know him. What does he want?" asked the money-lender.

"He wouldn't tell me."

"Humph! Well dressed, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"You may send him in."

"Step this way, sir," said Bob, to the caller.

Mr. Crosby passed through the swinging gate in the railing and crossed the room.

Then he stopped, facing the boy.

"I think I've seen you before," he said, in an aggressive tone.

"Very likely, sir. I am on the street a great deal."

"Was it you I met on Nassau street less than an hour ago?"

"You ought to know better than me."

"I think it was. You ran against me and upset me in the snow and afterward threw a snowball at me. You're an impertinent jackanapes, who ought to be soundly thrashed. Take that!"

He gave the boy a heavy slap in the face and passed inside closing the door after him.

CHAPTER II.

SHARP WORK.

The blow was hard enough to send Bob staggering back, and it made his face sting as if a thousand needles were puncturing his cheek.

It was loud enough, too, to attract the attention of both the bookkeeper and the stenographer, who looked up and saw that something had happened to the errand boy.

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked Cox, with a look of surprise on his face.

"Did you see that loafer hit me?" said Bob, who was as mad as a hornet.

"No. Did he hit you? What for?"

"For revenge, but I'll get square with him. Wait till he comes out."

"Revenge! What do you mean?" asked the bookkeeper.

Bob explained the incident on Nassau street.

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," said Miss Casey, with some spirit, for she regarded the errand boy as a much-abused person.

"He's no gentleman, if he has a swell appearance," said Bob.

"What are you going to do when he comes out?" asked Cox. "You mustn't start a disturbance here."

"I won't make any disturbance in the office. I'll settle with him in the corridor outside," said Bob, rubbing his injured cheek, energetically.

"Look out that you don't get into serious trouble!"

warned the bookkeeper. "He looks like a person of some importance."

"I don't care how important he may be. I don't let anybody knock me around in that fashion, as if I was a shuttlecock. No decent man would do such a thing."

He turned away and walked outside to lie in wait for Norton Crosby.

The visitor, however, seemed in no hurry to depart.

Bob hung around till he got impatient and a trifle nervous.

"What in thunder is keeping him, the lobster? I can't stay out here all day waiting for him, but I can't get down to work again till I get square with him," he growled.

Of course, the vengeful spirit was not nice, but the boy was only human.

Still the man didn't come out.

"Mr. Newberry don't usually give a visitor so much of his time, and this man is a stranger to him, too," muttered Bob.

Five minutes more passed without result.

Bob's patience gave out.

He glided over to the private door and put his eye to the keyhole.

Then he saw something that gave him a shock.

Mr. Newberry was lying back in his chair, with a handkerchief over his face, quite motionless.

One of the chairs was planked against the inside door.

On his knees at the safe the man with the fur coat was working with a small, powerful drill, the wheel of which he was turning rapidly.

He was making holes around the combination lock to get at the tumblers.

He worked with the rapidity and certainty of an expert.

Bob fairly gasped as he took in the scene.

It was something so entirely different from what he had expected to see that for some moments he remained transfixed, as if turned into stone.

Crosby blew the dust away from the last hole, looked at his work and then took another steel implement from his hand-bag.

Putting the point of it against one of the holes, he pushed a steel rod which acted like a force pump, and Bob heard a sound that told him one of the tumblers had dropped out of place.

A second tumbler followed.

Then the errand boy woke up to the urgency of the situation.

He dashed into the office and over to the bookkeeper's desk.

"Mr. Cox," he exclaimed, excitedly, "that man in the boss' room is a crook."

"What!" cried Cox, aghast.

"He is working on the safe, and he's knocked Mr. Newberry out."

"Why, Bob, you can't mean that!"

"I do mean it. You've got a gun in your desk. Let me have it—quick!"

The bookkeeper looked dazed and undecided.

Miss Casey, who had heard the boy's words, looked startled.

"Wake up, Mr. Cox!" cried Bob. "Something must be done at once to stop that fellow and catch him. Give me that gun. Miss Casey, please telephone the switch operator downstairs to send the superintendent and janitor up in a hurry. Then telephone for a couple of policemen."

Cox pulled his drawer open in an undecided way, and Bob grabbed his revolver.

"Come, Mr. Cox, you force the private door yonder and I'll stand guard over the corridor door. The rascal must not get away."

Bob's manner impressed the bookkeeper with the fact that something really was wrong.

While Miss Casey was calling downstairs for the superintendent and the janitor, he crossed the floor and turned the handle of the private room door.

He found it fast, and then he was certain that there was something wrong.

Bob had taken up his position outside with his eye to the keyhole once more.

The man in the fur coat had conquered the safe lock and opened the door.

He was filling his pockets with packages of money.

He worked deftly and with expedition.

He jumped on his feet when he heard the bookkeeper's hand on the knob.

He stopped and listened.

Apparently satisfied that it was time for him to leave, he glided to the corridor door, turned the lock, opened the door and—came face to face with the errand boy.

He started back in consternation when he saw the revolver pointed at him.

"Throw up your hands!" cried Bob. "Throw them up, or I'll put a ball into you!"

"What do you mean, you young——"

"You're pinched!" returned Bob. "I've a great mind to shoot you anyway to get satisfaction for the slap you gave me, you big coward!"

"Are you crazy, young fellow?" asked Crosby.

"Do I look like it? Throw up your hands!"

The crook's hand shot to his hip, but Bob wasn't taken off his guard.

"Stop! Take your hand away from your pocket or I swear I'll shoot!" he said, in such a resolute way that Crosby slowly removed his hand and scowled darkly at the plucky boy.

"You'd better let me pass!" hissed the rascal.

"You'll not pass me. What have you done to Mr. Newberry?"

"Done to him? Nothing."

"Step back into the room."

The rascal knew if he stepped back he was caged, and that meant his capture.

His active brain groped about for some means to overcome the boy.

He could think of nothing he dared to try in face of the revolver.

His liberty was precious to him, but his life was more so.

At that moment rapid footsteps were heard approaching along the corridor.

Bob didn't dare remove his eyes from the man to see who was coming, but he stepped back so that the person might see the revolver pointed in his hand.

That would naturally attract attention.

The newcomer proved to be the superintendent, coming in answer to Miss Casey's call.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

Bob recognized his voice.

"Come here, sir," he said, without turning his head or taking his attention from the crook. "I've caught a thief. He's got a gun in his pocket and is dangerous, but I guess the two of us can handle him and hold him for the police."

As the superintendent stepped up, Cox, unable to enter his employer's room through the regular door came out to see what Bob was doing.

"Throw the door wide open, Mr. Carter," said Bob to

the superintendent, "but don't get in line with me and this fellow or he'll take advantage of it."

The superintendent walked around behind Bob and pushed open the door.

That exposed the senseless form of the moneylender at his desk and the open safe, with the crook's tools on the floor in front of it.

The man's guilt was settled beyond any doubt, and the superintendent, who was a man of action, stepped forward and grabbed Crosby by the arm.

The rascal suddenly seized him with both hands, swung him around between himself and the revolver and gave Carter a push, at the same time darting forward and striking out at the boy under cover of the superintendent's body.

Bob stepped quickly aside and fired at the crook's leg. The ball tore a hole in the fellow's trousers, inflicting a slight wound in his thigh, which he hardly felt, and did not seem to mind in his anxiety to get away.

He dashed at Bob and seized the revolver by the barrel. Bob tore it out of his grasp and fired again.

This time the bullet penetrated his side and he staggered back, clapping one hand to the spot.

His other hand reached his hip and he flashed out his own self-cocker.

Quick as a flash, Bob fired for the third time, and the ball wounded the rascal's hand, causing him to drop his weapon just as he was about to use it on the boy.

The shooting had aroused the inmates of all the offices on the corridor, and clerks, brokers and customers came pouring out of the different suites to see what was happening.

They were naturally astonished and excited at the scene that met their eyes.

The superintendent and Cox threw themselves on the man in the fur coat and pinned him, helpless, against the wall.

Weak and faint, he felt that the game was up.

"Stand back, gentlemen—don't crowd, please," said Bob to the crowd.

Miss Casey sat at the 'phone, where she had just communicated with the police station, with a frightened face.

She could see nothing that was happening, but the pistol shots had quite upset her.

She felt that somebody had been shot, perhaps killed, and the shock was a terrible one for her nerves.

Bob rushed into the private room, tore the handkerchief from Mr. Newberry's face and looked at him.

His face was white as death, and the boy was afraid he was dead.

Pushing the chair out of the way he unlocked and opened the door.

"Miss Casey, telephone for an ambulance at once," he said, hurriedly.

She gasped and looked as if she was going to faint.

But with an effort she pulled herself together and started to do as Bob had asked her.

The boy then returned to his employer and examined him.

He found that he was still breathing, and he threw open the window to give him air.

The icy blast blew in, and then for fear that too much of it might do more harm than good, Bob shut the window down again.

The superintendent and the bookkeeper forced Crosby into a chair and held him there.

Force was scarcely necessary now, as he looked to be in

a bad way from the effect of the wound in his side, which had sapped all of his strength.

The crowd and the excitement increased in the corridor.

It gradually extended through the building and finally reached the street.

A Wall Street detective heard that something was going on and made his way to the scene of the trouble.

The circumstances were explained to him, and he declared, after looking at the condition of the safe, that the man was an expert safe operator.

While he was making his inspection, two officers from the nearest police station appeared.

Bob rehearsed his story again to them, and they took charge of the prisoner.

The ambulance surgeon now appeared and he looked at Mr. Newberry first.

He saw that the money-lender was drugged and would recover after a time.

Then he gave his attention to the wounded crook.

The wound in his side was serious, but not necessarily dangerous under right treatment.

He bandaged the hurt and said that the man ought to be taken to the hospital.

The officers agreed that he should go, and he was taken down to the ambulance.

One of the policemen accompanied the ambulance while the other returned to the station to make his report.

As the crowd melted away, a reporter appeared on the scene to get the particulars, and Bob obliged him with the facts.

Mr. Newberry was laid on his lounge, and the bookkeeper instructed Bob to stay with him.

So the afternoon passed away, closing time came and the money-lender still remained unconscious in his room.

CHAPTER III.

BOB TEACHES A TOUGH A LESSON.

"It's about time he recovered," said Bob. "The surgeon said he ought to come around within three hours, and it's over that now."

As he spoke, Mr. Newberry moved and opened his eyes. His gaze rested on Bob and then on his bookkeeper.

"What's the matter? What has happened to me? Ah, yes, I remember—the man with the fur overcoat, who called on me, on a pretence that he wished to borrow money on some bonds—he attacked and overcame me with some kind of a drug. When did you find me? How long have I been unconscious, and did the rascal escape? If he did what has he stolen? Ha! He got into my safe. There was fifteen thousand dollars in it. He has robbed me—robbed me!"

"Don't worry, Mr. Newberry. The man was caught," said Bob.

"Caught! Who caught him?"

"The bookkeeper, myself and the superintendent of the building."

"The credit of catching him really belongs to Bob," said Cox. "He held him up with my revolver and finally shot him when he tried to escape."

"Shot him! Did you shoot the man, Bob?"

"Yes, sir. I put one ball in his side and wounded him in the leg, and also on his right hand," replied the boy.

"He had to be carried to a hospital."

"Upon my word, you are a great boy!" said the money-lender.

"How do you feel, sir? Shall we send for a glass of brandy, or something of that kind to brace you up?" asked Bob.

"You might send for a little brandy. I feel kind of dizzy, and my head aches a good bit," said Mr. Newberry.

The bookkeeper handed Bob a quarter and the boy ran to the elevator.

Reaching the ground floor he went through to Pine street and then down the snow-covered block, in the biting wind, to a corner liquor store, with a tumbler in his hand.

He returned shortly with the liquor, which Mr. Newberry took, diluted with water.

"You needn't wait, Mr. Cox," said the money-lender. "Bob will stay with me."

Half an hour later the boss said he felt well enough to go home, and asked Bob to get him a cab.

Vehicles were at a premium at that hour down there, but Bob finally found one and had him drive around to the building.

Mr. Newberry walked down without assistance, got into the cab and was driven off, while Bob started for home.

He took an L train at Hanover square, and changed for Second avenue at Chatham square junction.

The Rivington street station was the nearest to his home, so he got off there and tramped toward a very ordinary neighborhood, chiefly occupied by large, cheap tenement houses.

In one of these Bob lived with his mother.

Their apartments were on the second floor in front.

The two windows facing the street had fashion pictures displayed so as to be seen from the sidewalk, and one of them bore a tin sign which read: "Mrs. Gaynor, Dress-maker."

The wind howled through the street in a fierce way, blowing the bulk of the snow on one side of the way.

There were stores on the ground floor of all the apartment houses, occupied by butchers, grocers, bakers and such like.

There were also at least four liquor saloons in Bob's block.

The swinging signs of all the stores that had them creaked in the sweeping blast.

The sidewalks, which in fair weather were thronged with the denizens of the locality, were now almost deserted.

It was after six o'clock and dark when Bob reached his habitation.

He rushed in at the street door and climbed the first flight, lighted by a smoky gas-jet, partly protected by a damaged glass globe.

At the head of the stairs he came face to face with a pretty blue-eyed girl, with a shawl over her head, and her threadbare gown covered by an ancient coat.

"Hello, Beryl! Are you going out?" he asked.

"Yes. To the grocery."

"Oh, it's too fierce for you to be on the street. Let me do your errand."

"It's a shame to trouble you. You've just come home."

"That's all right. I'm used to the weather. Haven't got thawed out yet. What do you want? You know I'll do anything for you."

"You are very good to me, Bob," replied the girl, flashing him a grateful look, in which there was something more than gratitude. "Here's the money," and she told him what she wanted.

"I'll be back in a jiffy," said Bob, starting down the stairs again.

Three small packages constituted the purchases, and he rushed back to the tenement.

As he mounted the stairs once more he heard Beryl's voiced raised in protest.

"Please leave me alone, Patsy McTurk. I want nothing to do with you."

"Aw, wot's de matter wit' youse?" replied a tough-looking youth, with freckled sandy-features and red hair.

"Wot yer standin' here for, anyway?"

"That's none of your business," replied the maiden.

"Is dat so? Well, I'm goin' to have a kiss, an' if yer kick up a ruction 'bout it it'll be wuss for yer, dat's all."

"Don't you dare touch me!" cried Beryl.

"Wot a touchy t'ing you are! Come, now, give up!"

There was a struggle and a scream, and then Bob dashed on the scene.

His right fist shot out in the tough's direction.

Biff!

It landed on McTurk's jaw, and that youth went reeling back as if hit by a cyclone.

When he recovered himself he found that Beryl Baker had a protector ready to defend her at any cost.

"Here's your groceries, Beryl!" said Bob. "Run, now, and leave me to deal with Mister Patsy."

"Oh, dear, you'll get hurt!" said Beryl, anxiously, for McTurk was a tough customer, and one of the young terrors of the neighborhood.

"Don't you worry, Beryl," said Bob. "I've been up against a tougher proposition than him this afternoon."

They had no chance to talk any more, for Patsy, with blood in his eye, was rolling up his sleeves, preparatory to wiping up his opponent, whom he hated on general principles, and also particularly because he was the girl's best friend.

"I've been waitin' for dis chance to mix t'ings up wid yer," he remarked, menacingly. "Now I'll give yer all dat's comin' to yer, yer stuck-up Wall Street bloke!"

"All right," replied Bob, "you're the one who is looking for trouble, not me."

"An' youse are de one dat'll get it!" responded Patsy.

"Put up yer mawleys or I'll punch yer, anyway."

"Punch away and don't talk so much about what you're going to do."

Bob's coolness and resolute demeanor rather upset the young tough's calculations.

The fact that Bob appeared to be ready for him, with no disposition to show the white feather, made him more wary than he intended to be.

He watched Bob a moment and then sailed in.

Bob ducked and smashed him on the jaw again, hard enough to make his teeth rattle and cut his lip.

That made him furious, and he returned several blows in a reckless way.

His fists encountered nothing but air, while he failed to see how easily Bob got out of the way.

Then he got a jolt in the ear, under the back part of his jaw, that staggered him, and before he knew what was going to happen next Bob knocked him down with a hook on the point of his jaw which would have counted him out twice over in any professional scrap.

He lay practically down and out, and seeing that he wasn't coming to time, Bob waved his hand to Beryl, who was anxiously watching the fight from the stairs, and walked into his own apartments, leaving McTurk to recover at his leisure.

CHAPTER IV.

BOB AND HIS MOTHER.

"Hello, mother! It's been a fierce day, and it's a fiercer night," said Bob, grabbing the little widow, who was preparing supper in the kitchen, and giving her his customary hug and kiss.

"An awful day, Bob! When I looked from the window, as I have done fifty times, I thought of you out and around the streets in all of it," replied his mother.

"Oh, I wasn't out so much to-day as usual," said the boy, as he hung up his hat and overcoat.

"That was fortunate."

"Yes. It's no cinch to carry messages and go on other errands in such kind of weather. I envied the big financial bugs who came to their warm offices in cabs and closed autos, and stayed there till they went home again early in the same kind of a rig. It's a fine thing to be wealthy, mother."

"It is, indeed. No one knows the sufferings of the destitute but themselves."

"I'm glad that we're not down so far as that, mother. We're pretty comfortable for poor people."

"Yes, I have no reason to complain. I keep pretty busy at my business, though I don't make a large profit, for my customers cannot afford to pay a great deal, not as much as the work is really worth. Some day I hope to move to a better neighborhood where I can charge more," said Mrs. Gaynor.

"Well, mother, you can move whenever you say. I have some money I've made out of the market, and some of it is at your service any time."

"I must look around first. I must get in a neighborhood where I am likely to secure custom. That isn't to be decided on in a minute."

"Of course not."

"I'm so busy that it's hard for me to leave my work to go hunting around uptown. Then I don't know whether Mazie's mother would let her go some distance to her work. She's a great help to me, for I've broken her into my methods. If I had to hire a new girl I would have that trouble all over again."

"Better talk it over with Mazie and have her put the matter up to her mother."

"I will. Now sit up to the table. Your supper is all ready."

"My supper! You mean our supper."

"Of course," smiled the little widow, pouring out the tea. "What was that noise I heard out in the hall before you came in?"

"Nothing much. Patsy McTurk, the chap who lives on the top floor, insulted Beryl Baker as I came along, and I just gave him a few practical hints to remember, that's all," replied Bob, carelessly.

"Do you mean to say you were fighting with him?"

"It was hardly a fight. Just a little scrap."

"But he is bigger, stronger and older than you."

"I know it, but weight and strength don't always count. It's science. That's where I had him. You see, I didn't lose anything by taking boxing lessons of Tim Foley, the featherweight. He was hard up for the dough and let me in on all the fine points of the business. He said I was so good that he wanted to match me against some Brooklyn boy who was just breaking into the game."

"Oh, Bob!" cried his mother, holding up her hands.

"Don't worry. I'm not cut out for a ring artist. My

ambition runs a little higher than that. I intend to make my money in Wall Street."

"Wall Street seems to be where people make a great deal of money."

"You can gamble on it they do. But a good part of the money the knowing ones make is lost by the foolish lambs—I mean the general public, who tackle the game recklessly without realizing what they are up against. The Wall Street game of chance is like an old-time lottery—a few prizes and a whole lot of blanks. If people stopped speculating, business would have to be reorganized in the financial district. What's that—a pie you've got there? How did you find time to make it?"

"I know you like apple pie, so I thought you'd relish one after your hard day's work," said his mother, with a smile.

"Thanks. You're all to the good, mother. By the way, I haven't told you what happened at the office this afternoon," said Bob, as he tackled a big slice of pie.

"Something out of the usual?" she asked.

"I should say so. What do you think? I shot a man."

"You shot a man!" gasped his mother.

"Yes. He's in the hospital with a hole in his side and two other wounds of minor importance."

"My gracious! Explain."

Bob did.

"How brave you were!" said his mother. "But how did you escape being locked up by the police?"

"The superintendent of the building guaranteed that I would appear in court when wanted. If I had been arrested I would hardly have been held by a magistrate, under the circumstances. Even if he had held me I would have been bailed out right away. The fact that the rascal drew his gun on me simplified matters. At any rate, I wasn't pulled in. When the crook is well enough to be brought into court I'll have to be there. He was a swell-looking jigger. One would have taken him for a bloated capitalist. The policemen say that his work proved him an expert in his line. He'll get ten or fifteen years, all right. The funny thing about the matter is that I encountered him on Nassau street when I was out on an errand and had a run-in with him. Then he made the mistake of his life when he reached our office, where he was evidently bound. He recognized me and handed me an awful slap in the jaw. My! how it hurt me! It made me as mad as a hornet, and I laid for him in the corridor to get back at him. That's how I happened to find out what he was up to. Had he left me alone the chances are he'd have got away with his plunder without our knowing anything about it till later."

At that moment there came a gentle knock on the door.

"Come in!" said Bob, and in walked Beryl. "Glad to see you, Beryl. Sit up and have a cup of tea."

"Thank you, but I can't stay. I came to see if I could borrow a cup and saucer. We are short, and we have two visitors."

"Sure. You can borrow anything we've got, even me."

"Thank you!" laughed the girl.

"You're welcome! Nothing like being obliging to our neighbors."

Mrs. Gaynor handed her a cup and saucer.

As she got up she signed to Bob to come outside.

He followed her into the hall.

"You must be on your guard against McTurk," she said.

"I overheard him tell Tommy Hines that he and his gang are going to lay for you and do you up."

"Thanks for the news. They are welcome to try it on."

There may be a funeral or two around here if Patsy and his crowd starts to fool with edged tools."

"You'll be careful, won't you?" she said, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, I'll keep my eyes skinned for trouble. I never look for it, but I'm liable to cause it if I'm not let alone. McTurk discovered that fact to-night. It is true I started the rumpus, though he really began it by interfering with you. I won't let anybody ill-treat you, if I know it. I consider myself your protector, as you haven't got a brother, or a father, to stand up for you."

"It is very kind of you to take such an interest in me," Beryl said, earnestly.

"That's all right. I think a whole lot of you, so you can feel safe when I'm around. There now, run along. I'll remember your warning."

There wasn't any danger of him running into a trap that night as the weather was too bad for him to care to go out, so he didn't think anything more about McTurk and his gang for the present.

The morning papers had a full account of the trouble at Mr. Newberry's office, and Bob's part in the affair was duly set forth.

It was read by a large proportion of the people of Greater New York, and among the rest by Owen McTurk, Patsy's father.

Mr. McTurk was a truck driver, but at this time he was out of work, owing to a difference that existed between him and the man in whose employ he had been.

That accounted for the fact that he was eating his breakfast at a late hour for him.

Patsy and a brace of smaller McTurks were eating at the same time, with the ponderous-looking Mrs. McTurk facing her husband.

"Begorra, who'd have thought that b'y downstairs was such a plucky chap!" remarked McTurk, senior.

"What b'y are yez talkin' about, Owen?" asked his wife.

"What b'y? Bob Gaynor, av coorse."

Patsy pricked up his ears.

"Wot makes yer say dat dat lobster is plucky?" he said, sneeringly.

"What makes me say it? Sure, it's the paper says it, and begob what the paper says must be so," replied Mr. McTurk.

"Do yez mane to say his name is in the paper?" asked his wife.

"Faith it is, as large as life. Phat do yez suppose he did yisterday?"

"What did he do?" growled Patsy.

"Sure, he caught a crook at the office where he works."

"He did?" ejaculated Patsy, much astonished.

"Yes, and shot him into the bargain whin the fellow drew a revolver on him."

Patsy opened his mouth to say something, but whatever it was he didn't say it.

"If yez listen I'll be after readin' to ye," went on Mr. McTurk, who proceeded to read the story from start to finish.

"It's a smart b'y he is!" said Mrs. McTurk, when her husband put the paper down.

"He saved his boss from losin' \$15,000. That's a small fortin. He ought to get a rake-off for doin' it. If he hadn't been so handy wid his gun he might have got shot himself. I s'pose if a man pulled a gun on you, Patsy, and you had a shooter yoursilf you'd run like a redshanks!" grinned the truck driver.

"Naw, I wouldn't. Wot do yer t'ink I am?" snorted Patsy.

"I don't think yez have the nerve of Bob Gaynor."

"Is dat so? Well, when I get t'rough wit' Bob Gaynor dere won't be not'in' left of him, see?" said Patsy, aggressively.

"Why, are yez two at inimity?" asked Mr. McTurk, in some surprise.

Patsy scowled without making any answer.

Then Mickey McTurk spoke up.

"Bob Gaynor licked Patsy last night in the hall downstairs," he said.

"Yer a liar!" roared Patsy, flashing a furious look at his brother. "He didn't lick me. I fell down by accident, and when I got up he had sneaked into his rooms. But me an' de gang is goin' to fix him. We'll do him up for keeps, betcher life!"

"If yez take my advice, Patsy, yez'll lave Bob Gaynor alone, or ye and your gang may find yoursilves at the morgue. As I don't want to be after goin' to the expinse of buryin' yez, yez'll kape out of thrubble. Don't let me hear of yez tryin' on any tricks wid that b'y, or be hivins I'll bate ye widin an inch of your loife!"

Patsy scowled at this warning, then shaking his fist at his brother on the sly, pushed his chair back and made for the door.

CHAPTER V.

BOB'S DEAL IN L. & M. STOCK.

Bob always opened up in the morning at half-past eight, though he had nothing to do till nine, when the bookkeeper and stenographer came in.

He spent the half hour studying the market report and reading the financial papers Mr. Newberry subscribed for.

Most boys would have found this dry work and wouldn't have turned up at the office till just before the other two employees appeared.

Bob, however, found the report and the items in the papers as interesting as a story-book.

He had an object in keeping well informed about what was going on in Wall Street.

Within the last six months he had become a dyed-in-the-wool speculator on a small scale.

After some lucky deals in a bucket-shop, through which he accumulated \$50, he invested that amount one day in a certain stock on which he caught a tip and came out \$100 ahead.

From that day he saw Fortune standing at his elbow, and whenever he saw a stock getting a move on he bought it on margin at the little bank on Nassau street.

Sometimes he lost money, but more often he won, and now he was worth several hundred dollars.

On the morning after the events narrated in the foregoing chapters, Bob saw by the morning papers that L. & M. was going up.

He became interested in the fact at once.

"I'm going to get in on that," he said to himself. "I haven't done anything for three weeks, and it's about time my capital got busy again. If I'm goin' to be my own boss some day I've got to have money, and the market is about the only way I can make it."

Having decided to buy some L. & M., he looked forward to the moment when he would be sent out on some errand.

The opportunity came about ten o'clock, and before he got back he had made a deal to the extent of fifty shares.

After that he showed a strong interest in the tickers of the offices he was sent to.

L. & M. went up five points that day, and Bob was pleased to death.

When he got home he told his mother he had made \$250 on paper that day.

"On paper? What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that I'm that much ahead on a deal I went into this morning," he explained.

"Why don't you collect the money, then?"

"Because the papers say the stock will go higher. I want to make all I can."

"I don't see how you could make so much money in a day—you, a boy."

"I didn't actually make it myself. The market did it for me."

"How did it?"

"This morning L. & M. was selling at 85. Well, I bought 50 shares on margin. The price went up five points, so I have made \$5 on each share. Understand?"

"I understand what you say—that you made \$5 a share on your stock, but I am astonished that you should make so much money in a day."

"Just wait till I accumulate a larger capital and I'll make more than that in a day," replied Bob, confidently, as he drew his chair up to the table and started to eat his supper.

After supper he put on his hat and went out on the street to meet any of his friends who might happen to be around.

Standing at the street door was Patsy and a couple of his cronies.

He scowled in an ugly way at Bob, but did not offer to molest him.

Bob, thinking they might be there to attack him, was on his guard.

He stepped out on to the sidewalk and stood there, but nothing happened, so he walked off.

In the course of an hour he returned, for he never stayed out late.

Patsy and five of his friends were fooling not far from the entrance.

Bob looked for trouble, but was ready to meet it.

Somewhat to his surprise the bunch did not offer to jump on him, though the hour and the conditions were favorable if they were so disposed.

Paying no attention to them, Bob entered the house and went upstairs.

When he was sent out on his first errand, next morning, he had a chance to see the tape on an office ticker, and he noticed that L. & M. was up half a point more.

It only advanced another half point that day, but that added another \$25 to his perspective profits.

Several days passed and the stock continued to go up and finally reached 96.

Bob concluded that he wouldn't hold on any longer.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," he told himself. "If I hang on for all that's in this deal I may get caught in the shuffle. I'm over \$500 to the good now, and \$500 isn't to be sneezed at, bet your life!"

So he ran up to the little bank where he made his deal and told the margin clerk to close him out.

"It will be sold inside of ten minutes," said the clerk.

"That suits me," replied Bob, turning away, after signing the order.

He saw by the latest quotation on the blackboard that L. & M. was going at 96 3-8, and he figured that he would make \$550 above all expenses.

That would make him worth over \$1,200, which was a lot of money to him.

"Mother will be more surprised than ever when I tell her," he said to himself, with a feeling of great satisfaction.

When he got back to the office it was time for him to fetch the lunches of Miss Casey and the bookkeeper.

"What makes you look so happy, Bob?" asked the stenographer, when she handed him the slip of paper on which she had written her wants, and the change to pay for the articles.

"Don't I always look happy?" laughed the boy.

"Yes, but you look as if you'd found a pocketbook with a lot of money in it, or that you had just heard that some relative had died and left you a legacy."

"I haven't any relatives except my mother," he replied, "and it wouldn't show much respect to the memory of one to look happy over the news of their death, even if you did benefit by it."

"That's true. I spoke thoughtlessly. Well, run along now, I'm busy."

"Want anything in the lunch line, Mr. Cox?" asked Bob, stepping up to the bookkeeper's desk.

"No. It's such a fine day that I guess I'll go out."

"All right," said Bob, who then went in to see if Mr. Newberry wanted anything.

Just before closing time, a police officer came in and asked for Bob.

"That's my name," said the Wall Street errand boy.

"Here's a paper from the District Attorney's office," said the officer, handing it to him.

The policeman then left two similar documents with the bookkeeper, one of which was intended for Mr. Newberry, and went away.

They were summons for Bob, the money-lender and the bookkeeper to appear at the Tombs Police Court on the second day following and testify against Norton Crosby, who had recovered sufficiently from his wounds to be removed from the hospital to a prison cell.

The superintendent of the building also received one, as Bob found out on the following morning.

The four obeyed the order and went to the court at eleven o'clock.

Crosby, looking pale and weak, was brought before the magistrate.

He pleaded not guilty to the charge.

Mr. Newberry was then placed on the stand and told his story.

Bob, the bookkeeper and the superintendent testified in the order mentioned.

The prisoner was represented by a lawyer, who sharply cross-questioned each of the witnesses, but did not succeed in shaking their stories in any essential particular.

Crosby made no statement in his own behalf, and was held in \$3,000 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Before the witnesses left, a well-dressed, sporty-looking man qualified as surety on Crosby's bail bond, and the prisoner left the courthouse in his company, after favoring Bob with a wicked look.

"The \$15,000 in bills which had been taken from Crosby's pocket by the police at the time of his arrest, was turned over to the property clerk at police headquarters, who would hold it till an order from the District Attorney was presented to him by Mr. Newberry, after the case had been decided, later on.

That afternoon, when Bob left for home, he was followed by a man in an ordinary business suit, who had been hanging around the entrance to the building for about an hour, but the boy was unaware of the fact.

CHAPTER VI.

HOODWINKED.

Bob took the L, as usual, at Hanover square, and when he got out at the Rivington street station the man was behind him.

He followed the boy to the apartment house where he lived, noted the number of the building and looking up saw Mrs. Gaynor's dressmaking sign in the window.

"So he lives on the second floor," he muttered.

Then he walked off down the street.

A day or two afterward, when Bob went to take Miss Casey's lunch order, she said:

"Bob, I want you to do me a special favor."

"Proud to have the honor," he replied.

"It's a very private matter," she said, in a hesitating way.

"You can depend on me, Miss Casey, to do the right thing," said Bob.

"I am sure I can," she said. "You mustn't breathe a word to anybody about what I tell you."

"Certainly not."

"I know I oughtn't to do it, but I'm sure to make a little money if I do."

"Everybody is out for the dough, Miss Casey," grinned Bob.

"Listen. A gentleman I am acquainted with gave me a tip on a certain stock. He said if I bought it at the present market price, which is 70, and hold on to it for a week or ten days it would go up to 90, at least, when I must sell to be on the safe side."

"If the tip can be relied on you are in on a good thing," said Bob.

"The gentleman is in a position to know, and he would not suggest the matter if there was any danger of me losing."

Bob nodded.

"Now, I haven't got money enough to buy 100 shares, so I can't deal with a regular broker. Of course, I can only buy on margin, anyway. Do you know any broker who would take an order for 50 shares? I don't want to have dealings with a bucket-shop, for I don't like their methods."

"There is a little bank on Nassau street, not far from here, that will take your order. You will get as square a deal there as from a regular broker."

"Indeed! Will you carry my order there when you go out?"

"Sure!"

"Well, here is \$500. And there is the name of the stock. Buy me 50 shares on margin."

"All right," said Bob, taking the money and the slip of paper.

In a few minutes he went out.

"I guess it is safe for me to get in on this tip, too," he said to himself. "O. & H. is good stock, though it's 'way down in the market now. So much the more reason why it ought to climb up. I'll risk 100 shares. If it goes to 90 I'll make \$2,000, and that will give me quite a financial lift."

So when he put in Miss Casey's order he made a deal himself, putting up \$1,000 marginal security.

He did not tell the stenographer that he had taken advantage of her tip, for he believed in keeping his business to himself.

She would probably have been astonished to learn that he had money enough to buy 100 shares on margin.

He kept track of the stock whenever he got the chance to look at the tape, either in the private room when the boss was out, which wasn't often during business hours, or in one of the offices he was sent to.

Mr. Newberry transacted a large business with brokers, most of his loans being made on ten, twenty or thirty days' time.

Loans were maturing every day, and Bob collected them by check, certified beforehand, while the money-lender made new loans every day, thus keeping his capital on the move all the time.

Naturally, he made a good deal of money in this quiet, certain way.

He had not given Bob anything for saving his \$15,000, though he raised his wages \$2, but he intended to make him a handsome present when the case had been concluded and he got his money back from the police.

Bob duly reported the standing of O. & H. in the market to Miss Casey whenever he saw a quotation, while she kept tab on it by watching the daily market report.

A week passed and the price slowly advanced to 80.

Under ordinary circumstances, Bob would have sold at that figure, but as the stenographer's friend had told her it was safe to hold on till it reached 90, why, of course, the boy had no intention of selling before he sold Miss Casey's stock.

"It's just like finding money to get hold of a reliable tip," he told himself, when he looked at an office ticker and saw that O. & H. was ruling at 80 5-8.

He had told his mother that he was in on another deal and expected to make a couple of thousand dollars out of it.

She could hardly believe that he could be so fortunate.

When he got home that evening he told her that he was already \$1,000 ahead.

"We'll be rich yet, mother," he said, as he sat down to supper.

"I hope you will be, my son," she replied, with a fond look.

"I received a notice to-day to attend the Grand Jury to-morrow to testify against that crook I shot," he remarked. "There is no doubt that an indictment will be found against him. Then he'll be tried, convicted and put away for awhile."

"Did you hear about Patsy McTurk?"

"No. What about him?" asked Bob, with some interest.

"He was arrested to-day with a couple of his friends."

"What has he been guilty of?"

"They say the three were caught with stolen lead pipe in their possession, which they were selling in the junk store down the street."

"It's likely that Patsy and his friends will go to the Protectory and stay there for several years. I guess he's only getting what's been coming to him. He has been traveling with a hard crowd. He threatened to do me up with the help of his bunch, but though they have had a fair chance to get at me nothing has happened. It might be that the gang was not anxious to help him out, as there was nothing in it for them but a chance to get into trouble. Unless they caught me unaware, which I guarded against as well as I could, they would have found me a tough proposition to handle."

At that moment there came a knock on the door.

Bob answered it.

A respectably dressed man stood outside.

"I have brought a note for Robert Gaynor," he said.

"I'm that party," replied Bob. "Who is the note from?"
 "Mr. Newberry."
 "Mr. Newberry!" exclaimed the boy in surprise.
 "Yes; he wants to see you at his house right away."
 "The dickens he does!"

Bob tore the envelope open and read the note.

It was typewritten and signed apparently by his boss.

At any rate, it seemed quite straight.

"I'd like to know what he wants with me?" said Bob.

"Maybe he wants to talk to you about what you are going to tell before the Grand Jury to-morrow," said his mother.

"That might be, but he could have done that at the office to-day."

"You'll come, I suppose," said the man. "I've brought a cab to take you up to his house."

"A cab!" ejaculated the boy.

"He told me to get the cab and bring you up in it," replied the visitor.

"Then I'll have to go. I'll be back in a couple of hours, mother," said Bob, donning his overcoat and hat.

A look of satisfaction came over the man's face as Bob followed him down to the street.

At the door they met Owen McTurk.

"Good evening, Mr. McTurk," said Bob.

"Good av'nin'. Did yez hear about me son Patsy?" he said.

"My mother told me that she heard he was arrested for doing something."

"Yis, for st'alain' lead pipe from a vacant store on Water street, the blackguard! That's what he gets for kapin' company wid a bad gang. I've warned him, and licked him, but it did no good, and now he's brought disgrace on us at last."

"It's too bad, Mr. McTurk."

"It is, more's the pity I should have such a loafer for a son. I've just been around to see the capt'in av the district to try and get him to spake to the judge and get the b'y let off 'asy, but I don't know if it will do any good. He said if the b'ys had been caught wit' the goods it was a serious matter, and he'd have to see the leader, or some other political boss who had a pull with the magistrate."

"Well, you have my sympathy, Mr. McTurk."

"I belave yez had a run-in wid Patsy awhile ago up-stairs."

"Oh, that didn't amount to anything!"

"He tould me he was goin' to put his gang on to yez. I tould him if he didn't lave yez alone I'd lick the stuffin' out of him, and begorra I meant it. I suppose he didn't interfere wid yez since?"

"No. I'm much obliged to you for taking my part, Mr. McTurk, but if he and his crowd had tackled me they would have found something doing. Good night."

"Good night. Are yez goin' out in a cab?"

"My boss sent the vehicle, as he wants to see me to-night."

Mr. McTurk watched Bob drive away, much impressed by the fact that his employer seemed to think him of sufficient importance to send a cab for him.

Bob looked out of the window, but saw nothing out of the usual.

The next moment the man secured a grip on his neck, pulled his head back and pressed a cloth tightly over his face.

Conscious that something was wrong, the boy made a desperate effort to release himself, but taken at a disadvantage, and becoming dizzy from the effects of the drug he was breathing, he became an easy victim and soon lost his senses.

When Bob recovered consciousness he found himself alone in a dark place that was full of strange smells.

He was lying on an old pallet of some kind, with a threadbare blanket thrown over his chest and legs.

At first the boy didn't know how to account for the strangeness of his surroundings, but as he sat up, with the hum of nearby voices, coarse laughter and ribald song in his ears, he recollected how he had been lured from his home in a cab and then attacked and overcome by the man who was responsible for it all.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Why have I been treated in this way?"

He asked the question of the empty air, which returned no reply.

Through the interstices of a rude partition he saw streaks of light shining.

Evidently there was a room beyond, and it was from there that the medley of strange and uncouth sounds came.

He sprang on his feet and walking to one of the cracks, peered through.

A crowd of men and boys of various ages, with tough and hardened features, were sprawled about the cheerless-looking apartment, in the center of which stood a round-bellied office stove, filled with blazing coal.

All hands were enjoying themselves in the manner that best suited them.

The majority were playing cards with greasy packs, squatting upon the bare floor, which served them for a table.

The furniture of the place consisted only of a few stools, occupied by any one who gained first possession of them.

One of these individuals was being dispossessed of his seat by a couple of boys, who handled him without gloves.

He was a tattered-looking wretch, with bleary eyes and bloated countenance, spotted with rum-blossoms of a scarlet tinge.

He struggled and fought to retain his seat, swearing and protesting alternately, but without producing any effect on his persecutors, who considered their performance a huge joke.

The rest of the company appeared to be indifferent to the incident.

When the tattered individual had been laid out on the floor, one of the boys seized the stool and carried it to another part of the room and planked himself upon it, producing a cigarette from his pocket, which he lighted and began to smoke with the carelessness of an old-timer at the business.

The other youth, after jamming the apology for a hat over the injured one's face, left him and rejoined his companion.

Cans filled with liquor, presumably beer, were freely passed around from mouth to mouth in the different groups all, without regard to age, partaking of it.

While observing the scene before him, Bob became aware that there was a door near him which opened into the room.

He laid his hands upon it and found that it was not fastened.

There was nothing to prevent him from entering the

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE SLUMS.

The cab rolled along the street at a rapid gait.

Presently his companion called his attention to something on the sidewalk.

room beyond, but he hesitated to avail himself of the chance to escape from his present undesirable quarters on account of the character of the crowd he would have to face.

He concluded to wait and make further observations before making a move.

He believed that he would not be allowed to pass unchallenged, and although he had great confidence in his prowess as a scrapper, still he realized the disadvantage of numbers which he would be obliged to face.

A door at the further end of the room opened and a tattered, mean-looking girl, with a very pretty face, entered.

"Hello, Sue!" shouted the boy with the cigarette. "Where's yer friend, Maggie?"

"Haven't seen her to-night. Who's goin' to treat? Don't all speak at once!" said the girl, with a laugh, as she walked to the stove to warm herself.

Her red hands and face indicated that she had just come in from the bleak atmosphere of the streets.

Nobody offered to treat her.

Indeed, hardly anybody, except the boy who had addressed her, seemed to take any notice of her appearance on the scene.

Bob regarded the girl with some curiosity.

She was a child of the slums.

Poor Sue, whose other name was lost in the shuffle, for nobody ever addressed her otherwise than as Sue, never had half a chance in the game of life.

Fortune was against her all through.

Her mother had died of delirium tremens when she was a mere child, while her father was serving a life sentence in Sing Sing as an accomplice in a murder.

She lived with an old hag who carried on a junk shop in the street.

She and the woman got along very well together, for she tended shop and was as expert at buying and selling as the owner herself.

She knew all the cheap thieves in that part of the town, for they brought much of their swag to the shop to sell, and the girl or the hag bought it, knowing it was stolen, just as they purchased bottles, and bags, and metals, and books, and other odds and ends honestly acquired.

At night Sue visited dancing halls or other places of amusement.

She had many admirers, but had no use for any of them.

She was more like a boy than a girl, and would stand no nonsense or freedom from anybody.

Altogether, she was a strange combination.

"What's the hour, Sue? Did you notice the clock below as you came up?" asked the boy who had spoken to her on her entrance.

"Nearly twelve. Time I was home and in bed, but I don't feel like turning in, so I came here," replied the girl. "It's bitter outside, but I'll have to go."

"You'd better, Sue, if yer don't want to run ag'in Norton Crosby, who's liable to drop in any moment."

"What does he want here?" asked Sue, in an ungracious tone, for she didn't like Crosby, who had been persecuting her with his attentions.

Indeed, she rather feared the persistent crook, who was known to be a dangerous man.

"He's comin' to see the chap who shot him in Wall Street and got him pinched."

Bob's heart gave a jump at those words.

He understood now why he had been kidnapped from his home.

A confederate of the crook's had worked the job in so clever a way that he (Bob) had been completely taken in.

"It was a boy who did him up, wasn't it?" said Sue.

"Yes."

"He must be a bold lad," said the girl, in an admiring tone.

"He was plucky to tackle Crosby."

"I should like to see him. I suppose he'll come with a cop."

The youth laughed.

"He's here already. Dave Cheney fetched him, four hours ago."

"Did he have the nerve to come to this place without protection?"

"He couldn't help himself."

"Why not?"

"Dave enticed him into a cab and then hocussed him."

"And what was he brought here for?"

"I dunno. It's Crosby's business, not mine."

"Where is the boy?"

"In that room, senseless."

"Poor lad! Can I see him? Just a look."

"I guess yer kin. The door ain't locked. Got a match?"

"No."

"You'll need one to see him for the room is dark. Better do it in a hurry before Crosby shows up. Here's a couple of matches."

The boy handed Sue the matches and she started toward the door.

Bob began to consider whether it wouldn't be well for him to return to the pallet and pretend to be unconscious.

While he hesitated over the matter a man in a fur overcoat suddenly entered the outer room.

Bob recognized him at once as Norton Crosby.

He appeared to be now fully recovered from his wounds.

The boy who had been talking to Sue saw him and uttered a warning whistle, as a signal to the girl.

She hardly needed it, for she had seen Crosby come in.

She stopped in her walk toward the door and backed behind a bunch who were playing cards, keeping her head down and her face averted.

Crosby's sharp eye, however, had singled her out, and he went toward her.

The girl had no wish to meet him and moved toward the door.

The crook cut off her retreat, seized her by the wrist and pulled her out into a clear space.

"Trying to avoid me, are you?" he said, in a tense tone.

"Yes," replied the girl, boldly, looking him squarely in the face. "I want nothin' to do with you!"

"Oh, you don't!" cried the man, in a nasty tone. "Well, as I've taken a fancy to you I guess you'll alter your ways toward me and marry me. If you don't——" he added, menacingly.

"If I don't, what then? This is a free country. I don't like you, and you know it."

"You'll have to learn to like me. Understand?" he said, fiercely.

"I won't! You can't make me!" cried the girl, desperately, trying to free her wrist.

"I will make you or I'll do you up!" he hissed.

"You'll never make me if you kill me, Norton Crosby!"

"We'll see!" he cried, swinging her around and then seizing her by the other wrist. "No woman, nor man, either, can safely defy me."

The occupants of the room stopped their card-playing and other occupations to see what was going to happen.

None of them had any special sympathy for Sue, unless we except the lad who had spoken to her, and he did not dare interfere between her and the crook.

Although Sue was a girl of the slums, she was different from the rest there.

Wherein the difference lay no one could explain, but the people intuitively recognized her as something apart from themselves and disliked her accordingly.

Crosby might have killed her in that room and not one in that crowd would have raised a hand in her defense.

Sue knew it, too, and yet her brave nature would not take water.

Crosby had been drinking and was in an ugly humor, which made him particularly dangerous.

He began to torture the girl by twisting her wrists behind her back.

She cried out in pain.

"Will you consent to marry me?" he demanded.

"No, no—never!" she replied.

"Then I'll break your arms!"

The girl uttered a piercing scream as he increased the power of his muscles.

This was more than Bob, who was looking on, could stand.

No matter what kind of a girl Sue was he only saw in her a woman, in the hands of a brute, though the scoundrel wore good clothes and had a prosperous look.

In another moment he banged open the door, rushed out of the inner room and struck Crosby down with a blow that landed squarely between his eyes.

Then he caught the almost fainting girl by the arm and pulled her behind him, standing over the fallen crook like an avenging Nemesis, with flushed face, flashing eyes and chest heaving with wrath and excitement.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SECRET EXIT.

Ejaculations of surprise rose from every part of the room at the unexpected appearance of Bob and his smashing blow.

Men and boys sprang to their feet to get out of the way, for they looked for Crosby to shoot the moment he recovered himself, and every man jack of them feared to stop a chance bullet.

They gravitated toward the door, which was behind the principal actors in the thrilling scene, and stood there watching for the next act in the drama.

Sue recovered her self-possession first.

"Escape if you can!" she cried to Bob. "He'll kill you when he gets up."

"That crowd wouldn't let me get away. Besides, if I left you here alone that scoundrel would hurt you. No, I've got to take my chances here."

"You haven't any chance in this crib. You're the boy who nearly did Crosby in Wall Street, and got him pinched, so that he's likely to be sent away. Now you've struck him down again. He'll have no mercy on you when he recovers. Come, you must get out of here," and she caught him by the arm and started to drag him toward the door.

The effort, if it would have amounted to anything, was made too late.

Crosby jumped up, with his face flaming with rage.

"You have signed your death-warrant, curse you!" he cried, reaching for his revolver.

Bob, conscious of his peril, was on him before he could use the weapon.

Smash!

The boy's fist took him in the mouth with the force of a small pile-driver, and he reeled back.

Bob followed up the attack, grabbing his arm and wrenching the revolver away from him.

Giving the rascal a shove he started for the door.

"Stand away from the entrance, you rascals!" cried Bob, flourishing the weapon.

The crowd scattered to either side of the room.

"Go ahead of me, young lady," said Bob to Sue.

The girl obeyed.

At that moment some coward in the crowd picked up a stool and flung it at the brave boy.

It caught Bob, unaware, on the head and he fell.

Crosby, who had a wholesome respect for a gun in Bob's hands since the Wall Street episode, saw his chance and sprang at and on top of the boy.

Bob, in the struggle, tried to shoot.

The bullet missed Crosby and hit the leg of one of the crowd.

He fell, with a cry.

The whole bunch, fearing more trouble of the same sort, dashed for the door just as Sue started back to try and help her gallant defender.

She was caught in the rush and swept along the passage into a corridor some distance away.

There the crowd halted around the door and she was not allowed to return.

In the meantime, Norton Crosby, having the advantage of weight and position, held down Bob's hand that grasped the pistol and seized his neck with his other hand.

The crook was in desperate earnestness and finally choked the boy into temporary unconsciousness.

Then he recovered his weapon.

For a moment he held it at the boy's temple, as if it were his purpose to kill him on the spot, but it struck him that such a crime might easily lead him to the electric chair, for Sue had got away and would probably peach on him if the boy was found by the police, murdered.

"I'll fix him another way that won't incriminate me," he muttered, savagely.

Replacing the weapon in his pocket, he took Bob in his arms and carried him to the side of the room.

Pressing a spring in the wall, a secret door flew open and he passed through it with his burden, the door closing after him.

He carried Bob through a short, narrow passage to another door also operating with a spring.

This opened out on a landing where a pair of rickety stairs communicated with the floor above.

Dragging Bob up the stairs, he thrust him into a bare room with as little ceremony as he might have handled a bag of feed.

"Stay there till the house is quiet and then Swiggins and I will dispose of you for good!" he hissed, half aloud, slamming the door and securing it with a bar that turned on a center axis.

His words and the sound of the bar reached Bob's ears in a dreamy way as he was coming to.

He lay for several minutes without motion and then he began to move.

Finally he sat up and looked around in the dark.

All he could see was the outline of a window.

Getting up he struck a match.

There was absolutely nothing in the room but an accumulation of dust and dirt, with cobwebs festooning the corners.

His first impulse was to try the door and, as he expected, found it secured.

He was a prisoner again, though practically he had not ceased to be one since he was brought to the house.

He examined the window next and found it protected on the outside by round, rusty bars such as are sometimes attached to warehouse windows.

There was no chance to escape in that direction.

Observing another door, he opened it and saw that it led to a big closet.

There was nothing in it but a large iron staple driven into the wall at the back, on which was hung a coil of dirty rope, one end of which was securely attached to the staple.

Bob wondered why it was there.

"I'm cooped up for sure," muttered the errand boy, when he had finished his investigations. "I wonder if I'll see my finish in this house? It is evidently somewhere in the slums—in a quarter where crooks congregate. I'm afraid Crosby has got it in for me. I daresay I was brought here so that he could get revenge on me for shooting him and queering his Wall Street job. The fact that I knocked him down in defense of that girl didn't make matters any worse, I imagine. The only wonder is that he didn't kill me in the room below when he got the upper hand of me. I would certainly have shot him if I could have managed it."

Bob kept moving around the room, swinging his arms, for it was awful cold in the place, a couple of broken window-panes helping to add a zero edge to the temperature.

Half an hour passed, during which things looked mighty black for his future.

Then he heard light footsteps outside.

They paused at the door and he heard the sound of a bar moving.

"I wonder who is coming to visit me?" he asked himself. "Not Crosby, from the sound. Some lightfooted person. Maybe a man with rubbers on such as crooks often wear to deaden the sound of their footfalls."

A few moments of uncertainty and then the door swung open, and Bob's eyes, being accustomed to the darkness, saw a female figure glide in and shut the door quickly behind her.

Instinctively he guessed his visitor was Sue.

"Where are you, Bob Gaynor?" she asked in a low tone.

"Here," replied Bob, coming forward.

"You must leave here at once," she said.

"I'm ready to go if you can show me the way out," he answered.

"I will. I know some of the secrets of this buildin'. has several exits that the men take when they want to avoid the police. I will show you how to escape by one of them."

"I am very grateful to you, Sue—I think that is your name."

"You did me a good turn and I would risk my life to help you. You are a plucky boy—the pluckiest I ever met. You faced that man alone, with a crowd of cowards at his back. The whole crowd wouldn't have dared do what you did. How I despise such men. Bah! They're not men. But come, we have no time to lose. Have you any matches?"

"Yes."

"Strike one, then," she said, opening the closet door.

Bob lit a match.

"Flash it into the closet," she said.

The boy did so.

Sue pressed her foot on a loose board.

Immediately the center of the floor fell and swung down on hinges, discovering that it was a trap.

The girl pulled the coil of rope from the staple.

"This hole leads to one of the back doors of the crib," she said, letting the rope fall through the trap. "I'll go first, and when you see the rope shake follow me. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Shut the door before you come down," she said.

Then she swung off and slid down out of sight with all the agility of a sailor.

Bob lit another match and watched the rope.

It soon shook violently.

That was his signal.

He shut the door, grabbed the rope and slid down into pitch darkness.

Presently he felt a hand on his leg.

"Drop!" said Sue.

He obeyed and landed by her side.

"Where are we?" he asked.

"On a wide shelf at the top of a ladder. Don't move except as I tell you."

"Shall I flash a match?" he asked.

"Yes. I forgot about you havin' some. Strike one and then you'll see your way down into the cellar."

Bob threw a feeble gleam of light on the place and saw a long ladder before him, extending downward.

"Follow me down," said the girl, leading the way.

Landing in the cellar, she took him by the arm and led him along in the darkness.

Light was not needed, as she knew every foot of the way.

A bolted iron door barred their progress, but the girl felt for and drew the bolts.

She closed it after they passed through.

They were now in a sort of tunnel only wide enough for one person to traverse at a time.

"This runs under several buildings and yards and ends at a house on ——— street," said Sue, as she walked ahead.

The tunnel seemed endless to Bob, who wondered at the ingenuity of its constructors, and the amount of secret labor they had expended on it.

It came to an end at last.

"Have you another match?" asked the girl.

Bob had struck it.

When the flame flared up he saw that they were in a small enclosed space.

"Hold it down where I am," the girl said.

She removed a loose board and pulled a short ladder out of its hiding-place.

Planting this at a certain spot, she climbed up, felt around and finally threw up a trap door.

Getting down, she said, "Go up."

Bob did so, and awaited Sue.

He heard her remove the ladder.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Putting the ladder back," she replied.

"But how will you get up?"

"You are strong enough to draw me up to the edge of the trap, and then you ought to be able to help me out."

"All right," returned the errand boy.

In a few moments she told him to reach down for her.

He did and she got a good hold on his arms.

Bracing himself, he raised her so she could seize the edge of the trap.

Then he caught her under the arms and lifted her up.

After some trouble he got her out and she closed the trap.

"This passage leads to the street door, and then you will be free."

They soon reached the door, which was locked and barred.

Such things presented no obstacles to their exit from the house, and they were presently out on the bleak, snow-covered street.

CHAPTER IX.

BOB MAKES MORE MONEY.

"How can I thank you enough, Sue," said Bob, grasping her hand. "I am sure that you saved my life by leading me out of that terrible den."

"You're welcome, Bob Gaynor. We're square, for you saved me from the hands of Norton Crosby. We part here, for it's time I went home and turned in," said Sue.

"Where do you live?"

"Not on Fifth avenue," laughed the girl, a bit harshly, "or I'd invite you to call on me."

"You don't want to tell me, I suppose?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because I'd like to keep track of you."

"What interest can you have in me? You're a young Wall Street gent, while I'm only a poor kid."

"I can't help taking an interest in one who has done me so great favor as you, to-night."

"Forget it and go your way. Good night," and she left him abruptly at the corner and hurried off down the street.

Bob looked after her.

"She's a curious girl—at least curious to me. I wish I could see her living in a decent home. Under proper conditions she might amount to something. She's got the brand of the slums on her, but something tells me she is better than her surroundings. How I admire a plucky girl, and she is pluck to the backbone. Only a girl with grit would have dared hold off that rascally crook on his own stamping ground. Well, I must get home as fast as I can, for mother is surely worried over my long absence, and she won't sleep a wink till I show up."

Bob hurried along through the dark and not over-safe streets of the locality where he had been held a prisoner, and mighty glad he was when he struck the thoroughfares with which he was familiar.

At last he reached the tenement in which he lived, and was presently knocking for admittance at his mother's apartments.

She was sitting up waiting for him, as he expected, for his long absence had worked on her nerves and she could not go to bed.

"Bob, Bob, why have you remained out so late? It is after one in the morning. Surely Mr. Newberry wouldn't keep you at his house so long," she said.

"Mother, that note was not from my boss," said Bob.

"No!" she exclaimed.

"It was a trap set by that rascally Crosby. I've been a prisoner till I made my escape a little while ago, in one of the lowest dens of the city."

"My gracious!" cried his mother.

Then he told her the story of his night's adventures in full, and she was not a little upset by it.

"I had a narrow squeak of it, but all's well that ends well, so let's go to bed, for it's after two now."

He turned up at the office as usual next morning as chipper as though he had not lost half his night's rest, not to mention the peril he had been in.

He said nothing about his night's experience to the book-

keeper or Miss Casey, but when the money-lender came in he told him the whole story.

Mr. Newberry was greatly astonished, and said the matter ought to be reported to the District Attorney, for Crosby's trick was clearly a move on his part to interfere with the course of justice.

The money-lender did communicate with the public prosecutor's office, and that led to action on the part of the police.

A detective called at the office soon after Mr. Newberry, Bob and the bookkeeper returned from the room of the Grand Jury, and interviewed Bob.

"Would you recognize the building where you were held prisoner?" asked the officer after the errand boy had told his story.

Bob was obliged to confess that he could not point it out.

"At any rate, you could point out the building where you made your exit?" said the sleuth.

"Yes, I think I could," answered Bob. "I know it's one of the houses in the middle of the block on ——— street, on the east side of the way."

"Between what streets?"

Bob mentioned the name of one of the streets, the name of which he had noticed on the lamp-post.

The other one he didn't know, but that didn't matter, as he could point it out.

At the detective's request he was allowed to accompany him to the locality.

When they got there Bob picked out the house which he believed the underground passageway ended at.

The sleuth said that a raid by the police would undoubtedly be ordered after he had made his report.

Bob then returned to the office.

Before the Stock Exchange closed he found out that O. & H. had gone up two points since morning, and reported the fact to Miss Casey.

"That makes twelve points since I bought, or a gain of \$600. As soon as it reaches 90, you must order it sold for me. You won't forget?"

"No, Miss Casey. Just as soon as the price goes to 90 I'll order your shares sold," said Bob.

There was no danger of him forgetting to carry out her instructions, as his own deal was directly connected with hers, and you may be sure he was keeping an eye on his own interests.

Bob thought of Sue, the girl of the slums, more than once that day.

Indeed, he couldn't help feeling an interest in the girl who he felt certain had saved his life.

He was half afraid that Norton Crosby would suspect her agency in the matter and make things hot for her.

For fear of getting her in trouble he had not mentioned her connection with him to the detective, giving the sleuth the impression that he had escaped through his own devices.

When he got home that afternoon he learned that Patsy McTurk had been discharged by the magistrate at his examination that day, though his companions were held for trial.

As there appeared to be no doubt that Patsy was just as guilty as his associates, it seemed clear that a political pull had saved him.

The ease with which he had evaded punishment gave Patsy a swelled head, and he boasted among his crowd about his father's influence in the district.

As his freedom seemed evidence of that fact, his importance among his tough comrades increased to a considerable extent, and in consequence he became quite cocky.

He ventured to get gay once more with Beryl Baker, and she slapped him in the face.

That made him mad and he chased her upstairs.

Unable to reach her own apartments she took refuge in Mrs. Gaynor's just as Bob was sitting down to his supper.

"I'll escort you upstairs," said the errand boy, after she had explained the situation. "Patsy seems aching to get back in jail, from his actions. The next time he gets there his political influence may not work so smoothly."

When Bob and Beryl stepped out into the hallway, Patsy had disappeared.

Evidently he knew Bob was home, and he did not care to meet him under the circumstances.

So Beryl reached her mother's rooms without further trouble.

Several days passed and then a boom developed in O. & H. one morning, and before two o'clock the stock was going at 92.

Bob took the first opportunity after that to get to the bank and order Miss Casey's stock, as well as his own, sold.

When he got back to the office he told her that he had carried out her orders as soon as he could.

"You are \$2 ahead of what you would have made if I had been able to sell at the exact price you told me to," he said.

"Two dollars!" she replied. "Then I will divide the extra profit with you, which will give you \$50 for carrying out my business."

"Thanks, but I don't want it!"

"Don't want it!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "Why not?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I had a few dollars of my own which I invested on the strength of your tip and I have made more than \$50 out of it, so I feel sufficiently paid for executing your commission."

"Indeed! I'm glad to hear it, but I think you are entitled to the \$50, anyway."

"Whether I am or not we'll let it go. It gives me great pleasure to do you a favor at any time, and the favor in this case would lose much of its value if I allowed you to pay me," smiled the errand boy.

"I'm sure it's very kind of you to say so, and I shall not forget it. You are rather an unusual boy. Anybody else would take all he could get and say nothing."

"Well, don't worry about what anybody else would do. If you get hold of another reliable tip you can let me in on it in the same way, and then we'll both make a little more money. We might as well have a little of the good things that float around among the insiders. They are not letting a great deal get away from them," laughed the boy, as he walked away to his own desk.

There he figured up his own profit on the deal at about \$2,450, for the price he sold at was about 92 1-2.

CHAPTER X.

BOB SAVES HIS FRIEND.

Next day was Saturday, and as Bob was coming up Broad street at a quarter of one, after carrying his last message of the day, he thought he'd drop in at a certain broker's office and see if a friend of his, named Dick Baxter, was there.

Dick was the office messenger, and he got off on Saturdays between half-past twelve and one.

Bob had an idea of going to a show that evening, and he wanted Dick to go with him.

The door leading into the reception-room was not locked so Bob walked in.

Not a soul was in the room, even in the railed-off enclosure used as the counting-room.

The tall desks were clear of books and papers, and the big safe locked up.

"Everybody has gone, and Dick with them," thought Bob, turning around to go out.

At that moment he heard a strange sound coming from the private office.

He stopped and listened.

It was repeated.

"I guess the janitor is in there, cleaning up," said Bob to himself.

Then something like a smothered cry reached his ears.

That caused him to pause again and listen.

He might have thought nothing of it and gone on about his business, but the recollection of his employer's trouble with Norton Crosby was ever present in his mind.

"I don't believe there is anything wrong, but it's no trouble to make sure," he thought, so he walked over to the door and opened it, softly.

A strange sight met his gaze.

His friend, Dick Baxter, with his elbows secured by a rope that went behind his back and then went straight up to the chandelier, where it was tied, stood staring at a well-dressed man facing him, who was threatening him with a cane.

Dick could not cry out, for he was gagged by a small towel tied in a knot under one of his ears.

"I've got you where I want you, you young rascal!" exclaimed the man. "You thought when you upset me on the street and then made off as fast as you could go that I wouldn't be able to locate you to give you a piece of my mind, but you see I have. One of my legs has been sore ever since you tripped me up, so I think I'll let you see how it feels yourself."

He gave Dick a whack on the legs with his cane, causing him to leap in the air and upset a chair.

Before he could strike a second blow, Bob bounded forward and seizing his uplifted arm, held it.

"Cut it out, Mister Man!" said Bob. "I can't let you abuse my particular friend, Dick Baxter, in this fashion. If you've got a just cause of complaint against him, settle it in a reasonable way."

"How dare you interfere with me!" snorted the man, angrily, turning on Bob and making an effort to release his arm.

"Because you are acting like a tyrant and bully, and that won't go with me," replied Bob, resolutely.

"Let go of my arm, do you hear?" roared the man.

"I will if you promise to behave yourself."

"Confound you, do you know who you are talking to?"

"No, sir, I haven't the honor of your acquaintance, nor have I ever seen you before to my knowledge."

"Release my arm!"

Bob put up his other hand, pulled the cane from his grasp and then let him go.

"Give me back my cane, you young whippersnapper!"

"Certainly, after you have released Baxter."

"I won't release him."

"I think you will. I don't believe the law authorizes you or any one else to trice up a person to a chandelier. If you don't cut him down I will not only prevent you from leaving this office till you do, but I'll call a policeman and let him arbitrate the matter," said Bob.

"You dare threaten me?" roared the man, looking as if he was going to attack the speaker.

"If you call it a threat we'll let it go at that, but I think I'm giving you a chance to crawl out of the hole you've put yourself into. I fancy Dick Baxter will be justified in securing a warrant for your arrest for inhuman treatment. If he does, I will be a witness of the facts so far as I have seen them."

The man seemed to recognize that he might have gone too far.

"This boy upset me in the street and hurt my leg. Instead of stopping to apologize he ran away, giving me the idea that he did it on purpose."

"What have you to say to that, Dick?" asked Bob, stepping forward and pulling the towel away from his lips.

"It was an accident," said Dick.

"An accident!" sniffed the man.

"Why didn't you apologize and help him up?" asked Bob.

"I was in a great rush with a message and couldn't stop."

"I think this man has some cause to kick, but instead of handling you without gloves, as he has done, he should have told your boss and made you apologize for your actions. I'm not passing on the merits of the case, as it is not my business to do so. I should think you would apologize to him now. That ought to end the incident, but you can both do as you please, for it is your affair, not mine."

"I'll apologize," said Dick.

"Will you accept an apology from him, sir?" Bob asked the man.

"I will."

Dick immediately made a suitable apology for his conduct, declaring that the encounter between them was quite unintentional on his part.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" asked Bob.

"Yes," growled the man.

"Then there is no reason why you should leave him where he is."

The man had no recourse but to release Dick.

Bob then handed him his cane and remarked that he hoped the unpleasant affair was closed.

The man made no reply, but took his cane and walked out.

"The next time you butt into a man on the street I guess you'll stop and excuse yourself," Bob said to Dick.

"Maybe I will," growled Dick, rubbing his sore leg.

"I should advise you to. If I hadn't come in here to see you, that chap would, no doubt, have made you dance the Irish hornpipe," said Bob.

"He's a brute, and I'm sorry you made me apologize."

"I didn't make you. I merely suggested it to you, for I thought the man was entitled to it. I guess you've got off easy. If he reported you to the boss, as any other man would probably have done, you'd have got hauled over the coals."

"I had a good excuse."

"No, you didn't. It wouldn't have taken you more than a minute or two to have squared yourself, and, as a young gentleman, it was your duty to do it. A messenger boy in a hurry must not overlook the presence of others on the sidewalk."

"Aw, cut it out! I don't want to be lectured."

"All right. I've nothing more to say. How came he to catch you unawares? It would take two or three like him to tie me up the way you were."

Dick explained that the man had come in just as all hands were leaving the office and asked him to step into the private room.

When he did so the man, without a word, tripped him up on the floor and pinioned his arms, after which he gagged him.

Then he tied him up to the chandelier.

"I guess you're an easy mark, Dick. However, we won't say anything more about it. I came to see if you'll go to a show with me to-night."

"Sure I will. What show?"

Bob mentioned the theatre he had in his mind.

"I'd just as lief go there as anywhere else," said Dick.

"Then the matter is settled. I'll meet you at the corner of Broadway and 42d street at half-past seven."

Dick said he'd be there on time, and the two boys left the office together.

Bob found the bookkeeper waiting for him with his pay envelope.

"What kept you so long, Bob? It's after one," he said.

Bob told him what had detained him.

"It was a lucky thing for your friend that you dropped in to see him," said Cox. "He might have received a good beating."

"I think it was just as fortunate for the man. If he had hurt Dick badly he would have made himself liable to arrest and prosecution for taking the law into his own hands in such a high-handed way," replied Bob.

"Yes, he overstepped his rights, and your friend could have made him pay for the assault. Your friend's conduct deserved censure, but not premeditated retaliation of the kind the man started to mete out to him."

Bob nodded, and then they left the office and locked up.

CHAPTER XI.

TRAPPED AGAIN.

One morning, when Bob returned from an errand, he found several people waiting to see Mr. Newberry.

All of them had bundles of securities with them on which they wanted to raise money.

Some of the securities were bonds, the value of which did not fluctuate materially and, therefore, were perfectly safe collateral.

The balance were certificates of stock, the value of which was liable to increase or diminish considerably daily, according to the trend of the market.

Mr. Newberry never took stock as security for time loans.

The money he advanced on them was subject to call at any time.

Two brokers, whose turn was next in order to see the money-lender, had come inside the railing and were leaning against the window looking out on Wall Street, when Bob sat down at his desk close by and got to work on a paper full of figures.

The two gentlemen were talking together in a low tone, but much they said reached the boy's ears.

"We'll make a pretty good thing out of this tip on D. & J.," said one. "Too bad we haven't more collateral to pledge for the coin we need. It's bound to go up fifteen or twenty points."

"It can't be helped. We'll have to be satisfied with half a loaf, seeing that we can't buy the whole bakery," replied the other.

"I suppose so, but it's exasperating to know that we are in line to capture a raft of money if we only had the dough to put up."

(Continued on page 20.)

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GOOD STORIES.

Perhaps the hottest region on earth is that along the Persian Gulf. Little or no rain falls there, and the scorching sun, which beats down from early morning to late in the evening, makes living almost a torture. At Bahrein the arid shore has no fresh water, and the people who live there have a novel means of obtaining drinking water. At the bottom of the sea near the shore are many fresh springs. The water is got by diving. The diver winds a large goat skin bag round his left arm, the hand keeping the mouth of the bag closed. Then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is fastened a long rope. Thus equipped, he plunges in, and, sinking to the bottom, fills the bag with fresh water. He then releases his hold on the stone and returns to the surface. The stone is hauled up by the rope, and after the water has settled again he dives and fills another bag. The source of the springs is supposed to be the hills of Osman, which are several hundred miles away.

The months of the year obtained their names from widely varying sources. January was named from the Roman god Janus, the deity with two faces, one looking to the east and the other toward the west. February comes from the Latin word *februo*, to purify. It was the ancient Roman custom to hold festivals of purification during that month. March owes its name to an old God of war. Among the Saxons this month was known as *lenst*, meaning spring, which was the origin of our word Lent. It is claimed by some that April was named from the Latin word *aperire*, open, in signification of the opening buds. In Saxon days it was called *eastra*, in honor of *Eastra*, the Goddess of Spring, from which comes our word Easter. May was named after *Maia*, the Roman goddess of growth or increase, and June was from the Latin *juvenis* (young). Julius Cæsar himself named July in his own honor, and August was likewise named by Augustus Cæsar. September is from the Latin word *septem*, meaning seven, it being the seventh month of the year, according to the old Roman calendar, and October, November and December likewise retain the names they were known by in the old Roman calendar.

A striking illustration of courage and dogged persistence was given by an officer in India, named Apcher, in a fight with a leopard. He was going round a rock, following the beast, which he had wounded, when the leopard, meeting the hunter, dashed at him. Apcher jumped on one side and fired; the shot only staggered the leopard. The man started to run, but be-

fore he could turn round the beast was almost upon him. He struck the animal with the gun as it was in the act of striking him, and so warded off the blow from his head. But the beast's claws from one paw cut his right cheek, and the other paw knocked the gun out of the officer's hands. With all his strength the man dashed his right hand into the animal's mouth, and with the left grasped him round the throat. The leopard caught him near the elbow, and bit through the forearm. Exerting all his strength, Apcher threw the leopard into a rift between the rocks and on its back. With his knee on its chest, one hand in its mouth, the other grasping its throat, he held the struggling animal. His native boy came up with a double-barrel gun. "Put it in the leopard's mouth and fire," said Apcher. The boy obeyed, pulled both triggers, and killed the beast, fortunately without hitting the hand. The brave officer's left hand and arm were much injured; every finger of the right hand was lacerated, the hand bitten through, and the forearm torn in five places.

JOKES AND JESTS.

Little Willie—Say, pa, why do they stamp eagles on our coins? Pa—Probably as an emblem of their swift flight, my son.

He—I kissed her once under the mistletoe, and she seemed angry at me. She—Of course. You should have kissed her twice.

"I sent a poem to that magazine, and now I hear it has failed." "Too bad! But maybe they won't sue you for damages."

Tommy—Say, pa, what is the census bureau? Pa—The census bureau, my son, is a collector of facts that are given to the public after they are out of date.

Blobbs—How did he make his money? Slobbs—In smoking tobacco. Blobbs—Is that so? I've been smoking tobacco nearly all my life, but I never made any money at it.

"Say," sneered the bulldog, "you don't know much about scientific fighting, do you?" "Perhaps not," replied the porcupine; "however, if you want to try a little bout with me, I think I can give you a few points."

"My husband has no idea of the value of money." "Why, I thought he was a careful business man." "He thinks so, too. But he absolutely doesn't realize what a lovely hat I can buy for \$48.99."

"Well, Bill," said Dawson, as he met Holloway on the avenue, "did you get any good hunting up in Maine?" "Fine," said Holloway. "How did that new dog Wilkins gave you work?" asked Dawson. "Splendid," said Holloway. "Fact is, if it hadn't been for him we wouldn't have had any hunting at all. He ran away at the first shot, and we spent four days looking for him."

Egbert—Oh, yes, I hit upon a plan which I thought would work. I wrote a note, inclosing \$10, and tied both about the cat's neck. The note read, "Finder may keep both the cat and the money. And how did it wor?" "The cat came back the next day with another note tied to its neck. The note read: 'Don't need the cat, but can use the money. Please send \$10 more.'"

Trapped by a Boy Artist

By Horace Appelon.

The story I am about to relate is an illustration of the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction, for the story is, in the main, strictly an actual experience.

In 18— Gerald Ransleer, a very wealthy gentleman, and a resident of Philadelphia, was mysteriously murdered.

The facts in the case were substantially these:

One evening a strange man called to see Mr. Ransleer, and as no servant was, as it chanced, at hand when he rang the bell, Mr. Ransleer's daughter and only child, Victoria, a young lady of nineteen, admitted him.

The gloaming had come, but the hall was in semi-darkness, as the lamps had not been ignited.

However, although, as she afterwards remembered, the stranger kept his face turned from her as far as possible, Victoria caught a good view of his face.

The young lady ushered the stranger into the library, where her father was seated, and at once retired, closing the door behind her.

An hour later an old friend of Mr. Ransleer's called, and Victoria led him to the library.

Upon opening the door a terrible scene was disclosed to the eyes of the young lady and her companion.

Upon the floor lay Mr. Ransleer.

He was dead.

A knife-wound in his breast told the dreadful tale of a cruel murder.

The window was open.

The stranger was gone.

The conclusion reached at once was that he had taken his departure through the window.

The following day I was at the house.

I had been engaged to investigate the case.

The room was in the same condition as it was found when the murdered man was discovered.

There were no signs of a struggle.

From this I concluded that Mr. Ransleer had been taken off his guard—that he had been suddenly stabbed before he could offer any resistance.

Footprints which I carefully measured and took an impression of were found in the soft soil under the window, and the depth of those prints told that a heavy man had leaped from the window.

The only clue to the perpetrator of the dastardly crime was the description given of the stranger by Victoria.

According to that, he was a large foreign-looking man, with a brigandish mustache and goatee.

As nothing had been stolen from Mr. Ransleer's person or from the apartment in which the murder was committed, I concluded that the motive of the crime must have been revenge.

As to this, however, there was doubt.

The victim of the mysterious assassin was a very popular man, and he was not known to have a bitter enemy in the world.

My quest for the original of Victoria Ransleer's description of the supposed murderer of her father began at once.

On the start I was baffled.

Search as I did faithfully, I could learn nothing of such a man as I sought.

Weeks passed.

No new developments were made.

Not one ray of light penetrated the gloom of the dark mystery.

Nearly a year elapsed.

Almost heart-broken, and believing that the assassin of her father, to whom Victoria was devotedly attached, would never be found, the orphan heiress accompanied a party of friends to Europe.

Three months later I received a message from her, dated Paris, France.

The communication was a startling one.

I will quote a portion of Victoria Ransleer's letter.

"One day a traveling artist called upon me," she wrote.

The gentleman—for such he seemed—desired to paint my portrait.

I received him in the parlor of our apartments, and he began to exhibit various sketches, landscapes, and portraits, as evidence of his skill.

Finally he produced the portrait of a man.

The picture was that of my father's assassin, of whom you have been unable to find a trace.

I questioned the artist regarding the original.

He told me that the picture was not his own handiwork, but that it had been painted in Paris by a boy whom he had picked up on the streets. Further, he said that the boy, although he was terribly ignorant, and unable either to read or write, had a wonderful natural artistic taste and ability.

He promised to find out from his young protege who the original of the picture was, and I gave him an order for my own portrait in order to see more of him.

The next day he called to see me, and said:

"When I returned to my studio, yesterday, I called Jean, the boy artist, to me, and questioned him.

He told me that he had forgotten the name of the gentleman who was the original of the picture, but that he would show me his residence.

At that moment the door of the studio opened and the original of Jean's portrait entered.

"Here is the gentleman now," said Jean, pointing first at him and then at the portrait.

The stranger seemed surprised and turned pale, but in an affable way he said:

"It seems you were speaking of me?"

"Yes," I replied.

"May I ask in what connection?" with a pleasant smile.

"Certainly. I was asking Jean about the portrait of yourself."

"And what about it?"

"Only that an American lady who saw it wished to know who the original was."

The man trembled.

"An American lady!" he gasped.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"And did Jean tell you my name?" he asked.

"No; unfortunately he did not recall it."

"Ah, then I'll tell you my name," he said.

"Thanks," I rejoined.

"Not at all—my name is M. Germaine."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and I reside at No. 444 Rue de Helene."

"Perhaps the American lady has the pleasure of your acquaintance," I suggested.

"That may be; I was trying to recall an American lady whom I knew."

"Shall I describe this one?"

"If you please."

I did so.

"I do not know her," said the gentleman; and having paid for his picture, he departed.

I have written the above exactly as the artist, whom I believe to have been speaking in good faith, related it to me.

I had an interview with a detective, and he started to locate M. Germaine, but he soon returned with the information that no such man resided at the No. 444 Rue de Helene.

Clearly, the man has taken the alarm from the injudicious conversation of the artist, and, of course, M. Germaine is a fictitious name.

I desire you to come to Paris and hunt down my father's assassin, if you have to follow him around the world and spend every dollar of my fortune to bring him to justice.

Thus Victoria Ransleer's letter concluded.

I obeyed her.

The first transatlantic steamer took me to Europe, and I arrived in Paris in safety.

My quest there was begun without a moment's unnecessary delay.

I found that Jean, the boy artist, had mysteriously disappeared.

Something like a week later I found him in a hospital, and was assured that he had been stricken deaf and dumb, but that probably in time, with proper treatment, he would recover.

The calamity had befallen the boy as the result of an attempt to blow him up with an infernal machine which had been placed in his hands by an unknown person.

The boy was well as far as physical strength went, and I took him out of the hospital.

It was my purpose to have him travel with me, to aid in the identification of the mysterious assassin.

As he had not been able to read or write when he was stricken deaf and speechless, it was very difficult for me to communicate with him; but necessity is the mother of invention, and we finally came to comprehend each other pretty well by the aid of a strange system of signs.

The artist in whose studio Jean had painted made a painting from memory of the supposed assassin of Gerald Ransleer, and we made Jean understand that I wanted to find the original.

Jean thereupon made an Italian landscape.

I understood that Jean thought he was an Italian, and the boy was delighted when I told him so by signs.

"Probably he has fled to Italy," I thought, and accordingly we set out for Rome.

We were in the city for a week, but made no discovery.

I was getting discouraged, when one day Jean, who had been out alone, rushed into my apartment in a state of great excitement, and said, by means of our strange signs, that something had occurred of unusual importance.

I did not quite comprehend, and seizing a crayon, he made a rapid sketch of the supposed assassin of Gerald Ransleer.

The boy had seen him.

I followed him to the street, and Jean led me to the office of a transportation company.

Our man had just left.

A train had just left.

It was probable our man had taken it.

I was disappointed.

There was no help for the matter, however, and I was obliged to make the best of the situation.

We took the next train for Naples.

Reaching that city, we instituted a search once more.

Suddenly, as we were walking along a main street, Jean clutched my arm, and then pointed to a man on the other side of the street.

It was clear that Jean believed him to be the party who called himself M. Germaine in Paris.

If such were really the fact, the man was in disguise, for he was heavily bearded.

By means of our peculiar pantomimic language Jean convinced me that he was sure of his man.

I surmised that the boy had heard his voice at the office in Rome, and had identified him in that way.

I called an officer, and at my request the stranger was at once arrested, and he, with Jean and myself, were taken to the office of the police magistracy.

"M. Germaine" now claimed that his name was Paoli, and as he was an Italian, he had the advantage of me, for the rascal's fellow-countrymen seemed inclined to side with him.

I assured the magistrate that the fellow was in disguise, but this Paoli stoutly denied.

Then Jean came to my aid.

With his ready pencil he quickly drew the portrait of the assassin as he had looked in Paris and America.

"That is the picture of the murderer I seek," I said, as I presented the portrait to the official.

Then suddenly I made a leap at the suspected man, and tore from his head and face a wig and beard.

He was revealed.

All saw that he was the original of the picture the deaf and dumb boy artist had made.

"Place him in the prison."

Thus ordered the magistrate.

It was done.

As soon as possible Miss Victoria Ransleer came to the city, and fully identified the assassin as the man who was last seen with her father.

Extradition papers were issued, and we took our man to England.

The day before we were to embark for America the assassin made a full confession.

He said that years before a fortune which had been intrusted to Gerald Ransleer for investment had been lost by Ransleer, who would never make restitution, and that he had killed him for revenge.

Whether this story was true or false, we never really knew, for on the return voyage to America our prisoner was taken with an apoplectic fit and died almost immediately.

Some months later Jean, who accompanied me home to America, was completely restored to the full possession of all his senses.

We always supposed that the infernal machine of which he had been made the victim was given to him by mistake, although the possibility remained that the assassin had taken that means to rid himself of one whom he feared might one day assist in his identification.

If this was the assassin's plan, it failed most signally, for he really owed his apprehension to the deaf and dumb boy artist.

Jean in America obtained the education of which he was so much in need, and as he was both honest and industrious, his talents eventually brought him a fair share of fame and a comfortable fortune.

If any one thinks that the organ grinder is a subject of pity he should listen to this. A Chicago grinder says that the clan has set the figure for a square block of grinding at an average of one dollar. The same authority says that every organ grinder does poorly when he does not take in from six to eight dollars a day, out of which he pays three dollars for his organ.

(Continued from page 16.)

"I know it. Yet what's the use of talking? We can't do more than go our limit."

"It isn't often that such a good thing comes our way. I wonder why the syndicate picked out D. & J.?"

"I couldn't tell you. Maybe one reason was because it is selling low."

"It won't rule low long now that it is being bought in as fast as the combine's brokers can get hold of it."

"Which is a good reason why we have no time to lose in buying what we can afford of it."

At that moment the door of the inner room opened and Mr. Newberry asked who was next.

The two speakers advanced and said they were.

The money-lender invited them inside, and then Bob began to think about what he had overheard.

"I must get in on D. & J. myself," he said. "I'll make the deal when I go out again. I'll pass the pointer on to Miss Casey and give her a chance to get in on it, too, if she cares to do so."

He got up and went over to the stenographer's desk.

"I've just got on to a tip which seems to be a good one," he told her, and then he let the young lady in on what he had overheard.

"But you've no guarantee that it's safe," she said.

"Well, I'm going to take a chance on it with my little capital. I thought I'd tell you. If you want to take a whack at it let me know."

"I haven't any money with me. If I think well of it I'll bring some money down with me in the morning," she replied. "Are you going to buy right away?"

"Yes. The price is low at present, but nobody can tell what it will be to-morrow."

"I couldn't go in to-day if I knew I would make a fortune."

"All right. Think it over. I'll make the deal for you to-morrow if you wish me to."

Then Bob returned to his desk.

In fifteen or twenty minutes he was sent out, and before he got back he had bought 250 shares of D. & J. on margin, at 92.

That afternoon as he was going into the tenement where he lived he saw Patsy McTurk talking to a tough-looking citizen near the entrance.

He would have thought nothing of it, for Patsy was always hobnobbing with hard characters, as his tastes ran in that direction, only he heard the lady say, "There he is now."

Bob was satisfied that he was the person referred to, and he wondered if McTurk was putting up a job on him.

He resolved to be on his guard against anything of that kind.

"I'll be glad when mother is ready to move away from here," he thought as he walked upstairs, "though I shall be sorry to leave Beryl. I should like to persuade her and her mother to move from the neighborhood, too. I must talk the matter over with her."

Next morning, Miss Casey handed Bob \$1,000 and told him to buy her 100 shares of D. & J. on margin.

"Have you any idea how high it is likely to go?" she asked.

"All I know about that is what I heard one of the men say. He remarked that it would surely go up fifteen or twenty points. Seeing that he was tipped off on the stock, I suppose his opinion is worth something. I am going to use my own judgment, and you had better let me sell your shares when I dispose of mine," replied Bob.

"Do so. I leave the deal in your hands," said the stenographer.

In the course of the day, Bob bought the shares for her and reported the fact.

Before he went home, Bob, Mr. Newberry, the book-keeper and the superintendent of the building received a notice from the District Attorney's office that they would have to appear at the trial of Norton Crosby, which was set for the early part of the following week.

An effort had been made to find the man who had kidnapped Bob, but without success.

The detectives also had orders to arrest Crosby, too, for the District Attorney believed he was behind the job.

No trace was found of him, so nothing further could be done in the matter till the crook was handed over by his bondsman to stand trial on the indictment the Grand Jury found against him for the Wall Street affair.

On the following afternoon a well-dressed man, with a heavy beard, came into the office and asked to see Mr. Newberry.

Bob took his name in and he was admitted to the private room.

Presently the money-lender rang for Bob.

"This gentleman wishes you to go after a package of securities for him. He will give you a note to his wife, and you are to bring the package here."

"Yes, sir," said Bob.

"He will write the note at your desk."

The visitor went outside with Bob and the boy pointed out his desk.

The man wrote a short note, inclosed it in an envelope, which he did not seal, and handed it to Bob, after addressing it.

"Get back as soon as you can," he said, "for I can't get the money I want till Mr. Newberry examines and approves of the securities you are to bring."

"It will take me more than an hour," said Bob, after looking at the address, which was some distance out in Brooklyn.

"You can go most of the way in the elevated. My house is only three blocks from the station. Here's a dollar for yourself."

Bob took the tip and hurried away on his errand.

He connected with a Broadway car, which quickly took him up to City Hall park, and crossing that breathing spot, now deserted by loungers on account of the wintry weather, he presently caught a train in the Brooklyn Bridge terminal and was carried across the East River.

Boarding an elevated train, he was soon on his way toward his destination.

He left the train at the last station but one and hurried the rest of his way on foot.

The address took him to the last house in a row of newly built dwellings, none of which seemed to be occupied except the one he was bound for.

Running up the steps to the front door, Bob rang the bell.

The door was opened by a man whom Bob, in great surprise, recognized as the hard-looking fellow he had seen talking to Patsy McTurk.

Quick as a flash it struck Bob that there was something wrong.

"Does Mrs. Chester live here?" he asked.

"Yes, step in," was the reply.

"No, send her to the door, please," answered the boy, warily.

"You will have to walk into the parlor if you wish to see her."

"Haven't time. I'm in a great hurry. Better hand her that note and fetch me the package it calls for."

"Come in and stand in the hall, then."

"I can stand out here just as well as not. In fact, I'd prefer to."

The man didn't look pleased at his refusal to walk in and stood, hesitating, in the doorway.

"Who are you talking to, Jim?" asked a voice somewhere out of sight.

"A boy who's brought a note from Chester."

"Why don't you ask him in?"

"I have, but he won't come in."

"Why won't he?"

"You'd better walk in," said the hard-looking man again. Bob again declined to do so.

His suspicions were stronger than ever that all was not right.

The man partially shut the door and said something to the man beyond.

In a few minutes a tall, sandy-complexioned man, with reddish side-whiskers, and hair of the same tinge, appeared and looked at Bob.

"You brought a note for Mrs. Chester?"

"I did."

"Where is it?"

"I handed it to that man."

"Take it upstairs to the madam," he said to the other, then turning to Bob he said: "Do you expect an answer?"

"I expect to take a package back."

"Why won't you come inside and wait there?"

"I'd rather stand out here."

"Where did you come from?"

"Mr. Newberry's office in Wall Street."

"Is Mr. Chester there?"

"He will be there about the time I get back."

The man looked up and down the street, and noted the fact that there was hardly anybody around.

"Do you smoke?" he said, taking a cigar from his vest-pocket and extending it to Bob.

"No, sir, I—here, what are you about?"

The exclamation was drawn from Bob by the sudden action of the man, who, dropping the cigar, the offer of which was evidently only a ruse to approach closer to the boy, grabbed him by the arm and pulled him toward the door.

"You've got to come inside, young fellow," said the man.

"I won't go inside!" replied Bob, resisting him.

"Oh, yes, you will!" laughed the sandy-featured chap, yanking the errand boy toward the door.

Bob put up a stout struggle, for he was sure this was some kind of a trap, but the man was strong enough to master him, easily.

The boy made a blow at his face, whereupon that arm was also pinioned and he was dragged bodily into the house, the door being slammed behind him.

Bob saw that the house was an empty, unfurnished one, like all the others in the row he had passed, and realized that he was a prisoner.

CHAPTER XII.

IN A BAD FIX.

"What does this all mean?" demanded Bob, angrily, when the man released him.

"It means that when I ask a person to do a thing I intend he shall do it," replied the sandy-featured man.

"You must think you're a person of some consequence, you big coward!"

The fellow grinned.

"You're easy, young fellow, though you can put up a good front sometimes."

"Is this another trap of Norton Crosby's?" asked Bob.

"Yes," said another voice behind him, "it is, and one you won't get out of like you did the last time, when some traitor helped you off."

Bob turned around and found himself face to face with Crosby himself.

"So it's you, Mr. Crosby!" he said. "What do you expect to gain by nabbing me again? It will only go harder with you at your trial, next week."

"Don't you worry about my trial. Worry about yourself. You are likely to need sympathy before I get through with you."

He spoke in a cold, menacing way that did not make Bob feel any better.

"I'd like to know what your object is in this?" said the errand boy.

"You'll find out in good time. Fetch him along, Tinker," said Crosby.

Bob made an effort to avoid the sandy-featured man's clutch, but failed.

Then he struck out at him, but the blow fell short, and before he could do anything more Tinker had him clutched in a grip of steel.

Bob was dragged along the bare hallway to a room in the rear, then through a butler's pantry into the kitchen, which was provided with a big, up-to-date stove, with hot-water boiler beside it and a sink opposite.

Crosby preceded them, opening another door which led to a small, square entry where the cellar stairs were.

Bob was pulled unceremoniously into the cellar.

It was divided into compartments made of unpainted board partitions.

The first was provided with a pair of stone bathtubs.

From this a door admitted them into the place where the steam boiler was set up all ready for operation.

Beyond that was an enclosure for coal.

There was no door to it.

On one side of it rose one of the iron pillar supports of the house.

Tinker pushed Bob up against it and held him there, while Crosby took a line from a nail and bound the struggling boy, hand and foot, to the upright.

"I think you'll stay there till I want you," said the crook.

He pulled a piece of cloth from his pocket and tied it around Bob's mouth.

"That'll stop you from shouting for help," he added. "Probably you wouldn't be heard by anybody on the outside, anyway, as few people travel in this neighborhood at present."

"Hadn't we better light the furnace to keep him warm?" grinned Tinker.

"He'll be warm enough when he gets into the next world," replied the crook, grimly. "You would have been there some time ago if you hadn't escaped from the ——— street crib. I suspect that Sue, the junk shop girl, helped you out. If I can satisfy myself of the fact she'll—but no matter. That has nothing to do with you, young fellow. You made the mistake of your life when you queered me at your office. Not many people get the better of me."

The person who does, generally regrets it. I fancy you will, at any rate."

Bob felt that the prospect before him was not a cheerful one.

"Come along, Tinker, we'll leave him here till later on," said Crosby, walking away.

Bob heard their footsteps on the short flight of steps, then on the kitchen floor, and finally on the bare boards of the hallway above his head.

Then he heard the hall door bang and he guessed they had gone off.

The tough-looking man who had answered his ring was, doubtless, somewhere about on watch, possibly upstairs.

"This is tough!" muttered the Wall Street errand boy, in a far from cheerful mood. "Twice that scoundrel has trapped me, and both times without any great trouble. I feel like kicking myself for falling into his hands this time. That sandy chap was too much for me, once he got his hands on. I was like a baby in his grasp. Now what am I going to do? This time I'm bound, hard and fast, without a chance and with no friend to come to my aid."

Bob made several desperate attempts to get his hands free, but he failed to make any impression of his bonds.

At the end of an hour he felt kind of discouraged, though he was not a boy to lose heart easily.

Another hour passed and it began to grow dark outside, not that it was so late, but the sky had been dull all day, and on his way out he noticed that there were indications of snow storm in the air.

The snow was now beginning to fall and less light than ever came into the cellar.

The air seemed to grow colder, too, and Bob was already chilled to the bone.

At length he heard a noise which seemed to come from one of the cellar windows at the back.

He listened, wondering what caused it.

Suddenly he heard a light crash of breaking glass, then some muttered sounds.

Presently he heard a sliding and shuffling noise, and then the sound as if some light body had dropped in on the concrete cellar floor.

Then he heard a voice—a boy's voice—in the outer compartment.

"Keep a good lookout, Mose. If we're snatched we'll get six months on the island."

Bob's heart gave a jump.

Only for the gag he would have called out to the boy to release him.

It was just as well he was not in a position to do so, for the lad, whose object was to steal the lead pipe under the washtubs and at other places, would have taken to his heels at the first sound of his voice, without stopping to make an investigation of its cause.

He heard the boy walking around the outer compartment.

In a few minutes he heard a sawing noise.

This went on for awhile, when a heavy blow was struck.

After a short silence the sawing was repeated and then another blow.

He heard a couple of thuds, as if weighty substances were tossed across the place.

Then he heard the door connecting with the compartment he was in opened.

The boy stepped in and looked at the steam heater.

If he had any designs on it he did not put them into immediate execution.

He was looking around for more plumbing.

He came to the open door of the coal bin where Bob was tied and looked in.

He couldn't help seeing the errand boy and the predicament he was in.

He uttered an exclamation and appeared undecided whether to run or not.

Bob shuffled his feet and uttered some inarticulate sounds.

The youth saw that Bob was a boy, and his alarm abated somewhat.

"Who's been and tied you up this way?" he asked, coming forward slowly.

Bob made more sounds.

"Can't talk, eh?" said the lad.

He stepped up and pulled the gag off Bob's mouth.

"Thanks!" said the Wall Street errand boy. "Now cut me free, will you, and I'll give you a dollar."

"I'll do it! Who done this to you, the watchman?"

"No, a couple of crooks. Hurry, they might come back and nab us both. Got a knife?"

"Yep!" said the lad, getting it out and slicing away the cord.

In a few moments Bob was free.

"You're a brick, young fellow!" he said. "Here's the dollar."

"Why did they tie you up? Were you sent here to look after these buildings?"

"No, I have nothing to do with them. I was enticed into the building by the rascals."

"What for? They didn't rob you or you wouldn't have had that dollar in your clothes."

"I can't tell you why I'm here, for it's a long story, and it won't do for us to stay here. One of the men is somewhere upstairs now, waiting for the others to return."

"That so? Guess it's time for me to sneak."

"I'll go with you. How did you get in?"

"Through one of the winders. You can get out that way. There's a box you can stand on."

Bob lost no time in leaving the compartment, and when he got in where the tubs were he saw the window the boys had broken to get at the catch inside.

"Shall I help you out?" he said to the youth.

"Wait till I throw these pieces of lead out," suiting the action to the word. "Now you can give me a lift."

Bob did so, and the boy, in turn, gave him a hand from the outside.

He scrambled through the good-sized window and stood free once more in the snow-laden air.

He thanked the boy again for his kind services, and started off at a rapid pace for the elevated station, feeling quite happy at having escaped with his life from the clutches of Norton Crosby.

CHAPTER XIII.

BOB MAKES A GOOD HAUL.

It was close on to six o'clock when Bob reached the Brooklyn Bridge, so he had no thought of returning to the office that day.

He went straight home and found Beryl Baker in the kitchen, talking to his mother.

He said nothing about his strenuous adventure in Brooklyn, but hanging up his hat and overcoat sat down to talk with the girl.

They conversed on various subjects, including the weather, and finally Beryl said she had to go.

After her departure, Bob had his supper and devoted the next hour to a perusal of the evening newspaper.

He had no desire to go out that night, for it was snowing heavily, and none of his friends were likely to be around.

He found from the market report that there had been a great deal of business done in D. & J. that day, and that it had gone up to 94.

"That puts me \$500 ahead," he said. "I guess I'll come out all right on this deal."

He went to bed early and was up at his usual hour.

He was reading a Wall Street daily at the office when the bookkeeper came in.

"How is it you didn't get back yesterday afternoon, Bob? The boss waited until after four for you."

"Did the man who sent me for the securities return and kick up a shindy because I did not show up with them?"

"No, he did not."

"I thought not," replied the boy, drily.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because that errand was a fake."

"A fake! What do you mean?"

"The address the man sent me to was a vacant house—one of a row of new and unoccupied ones."

"The dickens you say! Maybe you went to the wrong place."

"I'm not in the habit of going to wrong places, Mr. Cox. Besides, if I had done so I could have corrected the mistake, because the address was written on the envelope. Oh, no, I went to the right house all right."

"And you found nobody there?"

"I found three men there waiting for me."

"Waiting for you?"

"That's what I said. One of them was Norton Crosby."

"Oh, come now, you're joking, aren't you?"

"No, sir, I'm not joking. I found it no joke, I can tell you."

"Do you mean to say that crook was at the house you were sent to to get the securities?"

"I said so, didn't I? The whole thing was a put-up job on me. A trap to catch me."

"My gracious! Well, what happened?"

"They caught me all right."

"You don't look as if you had suffered much from it."

"I didn't, but that wasn't their fault. They tied me up in the cellar where it was cold enough to keep meat in storage, and Crosby gave me to understand that he intended to fix me for keeps."

"Well?" said the bookkeeper, greatly interested.

"They left the house for some reason, intending to return later on. While they were away I made my escape."

"You're a pretty clever boy. That's the second time that you've got out of a bad hole. How did you manage it this time?"

Bob told him about the coming of the boy after the lead pipe, and how that youth released him.

"Crosby will have a lot to answer for when he gets into court," said Cox.

"I doubt if he'll appear. He knows what he may expect. I'll bet he'll jump his bail."

"Tell Mr. Newberry your story when he comes in and he'll communicate with the police about this new outrage on Crosby's part. It is probable they'll be able to arrest him, which will prevent him jumping his bail."

The appearance of the stenographer interrupted their

conversation, and a short time afterward the money-lender appeared.

Bob followed him into his room and told him his story in full.

Mr. Newberry was greatly surprised.

"That rascal seems determined to revenge himself upon you," he said. "I shall notify the police about this second attempt of his."

He dismissed Bob and called up the police.

The officer at headquarters said he would report the matter to the chief as soon as he came down.

Later on a detective called and interviewed Bob.

"It's a wonder you people can't get that crook," said the boy.

"We'll get him!" replied the sleuth.

"I hope you will. If you don't, I'm liable to suffer. He is making a dead set for me."

The rest of the week passed, but Crosby was not arrested, although several detectives were looking for him.

Bob was disgusted, and privately called the sleuths a lot of hams.

At the beginning of the next week D. & J. jumped up to 96.

It now began to attract attention in the board-room, and brokers began to buy and sell it on their own accounts.

Under the stimulus of active trading it went up to 98 that day.

That put Bob \$1,500 ahead of the game up to that point.

He reported the price it had closed at to Miss Casey when he came from the bank after making the regular daily deposit.

"That's splendid, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes, you are \$600 ahead."

"I'll make money if it doesn't go down before you can sell out."

"I don't think it will drop anything to speak of for the present. It is more likely to keep on going up."

"I trust we'll both come out all right. If I win you must accept \$100 from me. You refused to take anything from me last time."

"I'll accept it, for this time the tip has come through me."

Next day D. & J. went to par by eleven o'clock, and at two was up to 104.

It closed at 105, and on the following day it reached 110.

Bob thought that was as high as he'd better risk it, so he sold out both his own and Miss Casey's shares at the first chance he got in the morning.

By that time the stock was going at 112 and a fraction.

Bob figured that his profit would amount to \$5,000, while Miss Casey would make \$2,000.

"That makes me worth \$7,500," thought the young errand boy. "Mother will be too delighted for anything. I guess we can afford to move uptown now, and she won't be obliged to hustle for work like she has hitherto."

He reached home at his usual hour that day.

"Mother, I told you I went into another deal—remember?" he said.

"I do, now that you mention it," she answered.

"I closed it out to-day at a profit. How much do you suppose I've made this time?"

"I have no idea."

"Give a guess."

"Five hundred dollars."

"You're away off. I made five thousand."

"You didn't!" she replied, incredulously.

"I certainly did—every cent of it; and I'm going to

get \$100 more from our stenographer for putting her in on a good thing."

"My goodness! Money seems to be rolling in on you."

"You don't object, do you?" laughed Bob.

"It seems too good to be true. I can't understand how a boy like you can make so much money in the stock market."

"I guess I'm having a run of luck. Such a thing happens to some people at times. I'm going to give you \$500 of it, but I want you to promise to move uptown without any unnecessary delay. Have you spoken to Beryl on the subject?"

"Yes, but she says she and her mother can hardly afford to move uptown to such a locality as we expect to go to."

"They'd better move to some other tenement away from here or else McTurk will resume his annoyance when I am not around to protect her. It's too bad that he didn't get what was coming to him for stealing the lead pipe from the empty store. Politics interferes a great deal with justice. However, he'll see his finish some day, and may it be soon."

An hour later Bob learned that Patsy had been arrested for pinching a woman's pocketbook in one of the grocery stores on the block.

His father called on the captain again to get him off, as before.

The captain got a permit to see Patsy and received the particulars from him.

Then he visited the woman whose wallet figured in the matter and had a talk with her, suggesting that it would be to her interest not to appear against the boy.

The woman, however, wouldn't listen to him and declared she would put Patsy through.

"He's a bad boy and the terror of the neighborhood," she said. "I am surprised you should stand up for him."

The captain declared that if she would let up he'd see that Patsy turned over a new leaf.

The woman was obdurate.

"He whipped my Johnny awhile ago and insulted my daughter Jane several times. He's a young blackguard and ought to go to the State prison," she said, emphatically.

Seeing he could make no impression on her, the captain left and called on the grocery man, who was her witness.

The result of the interview was that when the case came up on preliminary examination, next day, and the groceryman was called to the stand to corroborate the woman, his memory quite failed him.

The woman was indignant and told the magistrate that he must have been tampered with.

She declared that she herself had been approached by the captain of the district, and detailed what he said to her.

The magistrate's attention was called to the fact that Patsy had been arrested before, but had been discharged at his examination.

He questioned the groceryman so sharply that the man began to remember again, though he testified with much reluctance.

The result of the proceedings was that Patsy was held for trial.

We may as well say that he was found guilty and sent to the Elmira Reformatory for two years.

Thus the neighborhood was rid of him at last.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUE.

When Norton Crosby was called before the bar to stand trial for attempted robbery of Mr. Newberry, he failed to appear.

His bail was forfeited and a bench warrant issued for his arrest.

Mr. Newberry was much put out by the postponement of the trial because he was kept out of his money.

Still that amount did not incommode him much, as he had a fat and growing bank balance.

That afternoon he presented Bob with \$500 in testimony of his appreciation of the boy's services in the matter.

Bob thanked him, and when he went home he presented the money to his mother.

A few days afterward he noticed that N. & R. shares were going up.

After keeping his eyes on the stock for a day or two he bought 700 shares at 88, hoping that his streak of luck would continue.

That afternoon Mr. Newberry sent him on an errand up to an address on Water street.

He was on his way back, after delivering the message, when he came to a small junk shop at the corner of an alley.

Standing at the door was a poorly dressed girl, whose figure looked familiar to him.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "I believe that's Sue."

As he drew near she turned and looked at him.

The recognition was mutual.

It was Sue.

Bob stepped up to her.

"We meet again, Sue," he said. "I'm glad to see you."

She smiled.

"I look a sight, don't I?" she said.

"You look all right—to me," he replied.

"You say that to please me, but I know I'm not a girl of your class, so why waste any of your time on me?" she said, almost sharply.

"Don't talk that way, Sue. You saved my life and I am grateful to you."

"And you stood up for me single-handed against Norton Crosby, at the risk of your life, so we're square, Bob Gaynor."

"No, we're not square. The balance is in your favor. I shall never forget you as long as I live."

"What are you doin' on Water street?" she asked, abruptly.

"I had an errand up this way."

"And you are going back to Wall Street?"

"Yes."

"Hadn't you better run along?"

"Do you wish to get rid of me in such a hurry?"

"You are wasting your time talking to me."

"I don't think so. I've been thinking of you ever since we parted at the corner that night, and wishing I'd have the chance of seeing you again."

Sue looked fixedly at him.

She was wondering if he was telling the truth, or was only jollyng her.

To say the truth, Bob was the only person Sue had ever met who had made any real impression on her.

There was scarcely an hour since the night they met in the crooked crib that she had not thought of him.

For the first time, perhaps, in her life she became dissatisfied with herself.

For the first time she realized how low down in the human scale she was.

She began to hate herself.

She began to wish that things were different.

But at the same time she felt that there was no hope for her—that her future was settled beyond anything she could do to improve it.

"So you've been thinkin' of me?" she said, slowly and doubtfully.

"I have," replied Bob, so earnestly and with such a peculiar look that she began to believe him. "And I've been wishing I could do something for you."

"What could you do for me?" she asked, almost defiantly.

"I could do a lot if you'd let me. I'm pretty well fixed for a boy, though I do live in a cheap tenement at present. But my mother and I are going to move uptown on the first of the month to a small flat. Now, look here, Sue, have you any real ties that hold you down to living in the slums?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because I want to take you out of the slums. I want to make something of you. You're smarter than chain lightning, I can see that. Under different conditions you'd become an altogether different girl."

"Would I?" she said, with a laugh.

"Yes, you would," he said, earnestly. "I have taken a strong interest in you, Sue. If you turn my proposal down you will pain me a good deal."

"What proposal?"

"I want you to shake this shop where you are hanging out, and the old woman who is no fit companion for you. I want you to come uptown and live with us."

"Live with you?" she cried, opening her eyes.

"You shall have decent clothes and everything that will make you feel a new responsibility in life. I will look after you just as if you were my sister, and in return you can help my mother take care of the house. She's a dress-maker and she must have some one to assist her. She'll teach you the business, and then you will have a chance to get along in the world as you ought."

Bob's proposal almost took the girl's breath away.

"Bob Gaynor, you don't know what you're talkin' about," she said, with a hard inflection in her voice.

"Yes, I do," he said.

"You don't. I am not in your class. I'm poor and my presence would disgrace you."

"If you will accept my offer you will be in my class, and I am not in the least afraid that you will disgrace us. It is my opinion you are a fine girl in many respects. I am offering you a chance, Sue. If you won't take it I shall feel greatly disappointed—more so than perhaps you think."

Bob's tone and manner, more than his words, swayed the girl's feelings.

For a few moments she seemed to yield to his desires, then she suddenly braced up and her face grew hard again.

"No, Bob Gaynor, don't waste your efforts on me. You can't make a lady out of me. I was brought up poor. If anybody else made the offer I might think it over. If I failed to make good, as I probably would, it wouldn't matter. I wouldn't care. But you—no. I'd rather die than disgrace you, and I know I couldn't help doin' it. You are kind to make the offer. I shall remember it—always," for the first time her lips quivered, and a suspicion of moisture came into her eyes. Then angry at the feeling, she flashed out: "Go—leave me. We must never meet again."

She turned away to re-enter the shop, when Bob grabbed her by the arm.

"Sue," he begged, "you are throwing away the chance of your life."

"I don't care," she replied, doggedly.

"Yes, you do care. I understand why you are turning

my offer down. I tell you that you are mistaken. I want you to come with us. I insist that you do."

"You're not my master," she retorted.

"Do you see that scar on my hand?"

"Yes. What about it?"

"That is the one evidence remaining of the blow I delivered on your behalf in the crib. You know why Norton Crosby wanted to conquer you. He was bound to marry you. He had you dead that night. He would have conquered or killed you. I have learned the kind of man he is. There isn't a grain of mercy in his composition. Although you owe me nothing for that blow which turned his attention from you at the critical moment—for you more than squared the debt by saving my life—still I claim something of you. I ask you to give me the opportunity to make a fine woman of you."

"Don't, don't press me—I can't accept—I can't—I can't," she replied, in a broken voice. "I was brought up among common people, you know."

"I say you can and must. Look here, do you know I was in Crosby's power the other day?"

"No!" she exclaimed, with startled surprise.

"I was. He trapped me in a house over in Brooklyn, and intended to kill me, but I escaped by accident. He said that he suspected you helped me out of the crib, and if he got proof of the fact he'd fix you. He's a desperate rascal and is willing to take desperate chances to get revenge. He's being hunted for now by the detectives, because he jumped his bail for the crime of which he was about to be tried. I am sure he is still in the city, hiding under cover. Before he will be willing to go elsewhere I believe he'll try and get square with both of us. He'll find it a hard job to reach me after this, but with you it will be different. He can lay his hands on you when he chooses, for you're in his path. Now, mark me, Sue, I shall make it my business to keep track of you. If he gets you, refuse to marry him and I'll track him down at the risk of my life. So if you refuse to come with my mother and I, you will probably endanger my life. That's all. Now you can go."

The girl stood, hesitating.

"Bob Gaynor, you are a fool!" she cried, vehemently.

"All right. Let it go at that."

"You must not bother about me."

Bob laughed a little hard himself.

"You don't know me, Sue. When I make up my mind to do a thing I do it. You can't alter my determination if you talk to me for a week."

He pulled one of his employer's business cards out of his pocket and wrote something on the back of it.

"There is my address for the next two weeks," he said.

"If you change your mind, call some evening early and ask for me. I will introduce you to my mother. She is the best mother in the world, and for my sake she'll throw her protecting and kindly arms around you and give you a home as if you were her own daughter. Do you appreciate this chance? You'd better. The sooner you come the less chance Crosby will have to get at you. Good-by."

Bob started off back to his office, while the girl of the slums stood with her hand pressed upon her bosom, where her heart beat as it never had beaten before, looking after his manly figure as it disappeared down the block.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

A shaky, hard-featured, dirty-looking man in the garb of a street mendicant, with a bag filled with old rags and

other refuse, had approached the junk shop while Bob was talking to the girl and he overheard the last part of the conversation.

A chuckle issued from his lips and he watched Sue furtively till she went back into the shop.

Then he entered, in a shuffling way, and throwing down his bag began bargaining with her for the sale of its miscellaneous contents.

She pulled the stuff over with a hooked stick and made him an offer.

He accepted it in a grumbling way and departed with a few pieces of silver.

He went straight to the building where Bob had been confined the night he was kidnapped in the cab.

Entering, after casting a wary glance around, he asked for Swiggins, the proprietor.

"He's in the back room," replied the barkeeper, carelessly.

The ragpicker didn't ask where the back room was.

He seemed to know its location already.

At any rate, he found his way there and was soon in consultation with the boss of the roost.

Next day, N. & R. stock, in which Bob was interested, took a sudden jump up.

A big broker began bidding for it, and very little of it came out.

He soon had the board-room seething with excitement.

Brokers began buying, but the only men who sold were those who took a chance on a short sale.

The price kept mounting up, and by one o'clock the price had reached par.

At two o'clock it was up to 106, and at half-past two at 108 and a fraction.

Bob was on Nassau street at the time and he dropped in at the little bank to see how things were coming on.

When he saw the last quotation on the blackboard he couldn't reach the margin clerk's window any too soon.

"Sell me out," he said in some excitement.

"What stock?"

"N. & R."

"How many shares?"

"Seven hundred."

"Sign that paper."

Bob signed it.

"The stock will be sold in a few minutes," said the clerk.

Bob hurried back to the office, feeling that he had made a ten-strike this time.

He sat down at his desk and figured up that he would clear \$14,000.

"That makes me worth \$21,000. Gee! I'm rich!" he cried.

He couldn't keep his good luck to himself, so he rushed over to the stenographer's desk and told her about it.

She congratulated him, and said she was sorry she had not been in on it herself.

When he got home he paralyzed his mother with the extent of his good fortune.

"First thing you know we'll have an automobile to ride about in," he said, gleefully.

His supper never tasted better than it did that night.

He had scarcely more than finished it when there came a knock at the door.

Bob opened it and saw a rough-looking boy.

"I want to see Bob Gaynor," he said.

"That's my name," replied the errand boy.

"You know Sue, don't yer?"

"Sue!" exclaimed Bob. "I know a girl named Sue, who hangs out at a Water street junk shop."

"Dat's de gal."

"What about her?"

"She told me she wants to see yer on important business."

"Did she send you here?" asked Bob, suspicious of another trap.

"Yep. She gave me dat card so I wuldn't make no mistake."

Bob saw that the card was the one he had given the girl. It must have come from her.

"Why didn't she come herself?" he asked.

"How do I know? She says dat she t'inks she'll take up dat offer of yours, but she wants to see yer fust."

"Where is she? At the junk store?"

"Yep."

"All right. Go back and tell her I'll come right away."

The boy went away and Bob was putting on his overcoat when another rap came to the door.

It proved to be one of the detectives who was hunting for Crosby.

He wanted to learn something from Bob.

They went out together.

Bob told him where he was bound.

"I wouldn't go there," said the detective. "Some tough characters drop in at that place at night."

"I don't intend to go in. I want to meet a girl named Sue who did me a great favor a little while ago."

"I know her. She's a strange girl. As queer as they come—almost, but as straight as a plumb. Why are you anxious to meet her?" asked the sleuth, curiously.

"It's a private matter," replied Bob.

"Well, you're taking chances going to that shop at this hour. If you'll make your interview short I'll hang around and keep an eye on you to see that you do not get into trouble."

"Thanks! I'll be glad to have you do so, for while Crosby is at large I can never be certain that he may not set some trap for me."

"How do you know but this is a trap?"

"I have reasons for believing it isn't."

"I hope you're right. Wait a moment, I want to telephone my pal."

They entered a corner drug store and the sleuth communicated with his side-partner.

Privately, he suspected that Bob was being decoyed to the junk shop, and he determined to be on the job.

He told his companion to meet him on Water street, right away.

Two blocks further on, as they were approaching the junk shop, the detective rapped on the pavement with his club.

The sound re-echoed through the night air.

"Go ahead now and keep your engagement," he said to Bob. "I'll be after you soon. If I do not see you standing outside with the girl I'll understand something is wrong, and then I shall act, so don't go inside of your own accord. Understand?"

Bob said he did, and started ahead.

He saw a girl standing in front of the shop as he drew near.

He supposed it was Sue, but when he got closer he saw he was mistaken.

He walked up to her.

"Where is Sue?" he asked, stopping before her.

"Inside, waiting for you."

"I'm not going in. If she wants to see me she must come outside."

"She can't. She's hurt herself and can't stand. She's lying on her bed. She told me to bring you in, as she wants to see you pertic'larly."

"Who's in there?"

"Nobody but the old woman."

In spite of the detective's orders, Bob allowed himself to be persuaded, and he walked into the dark shop.

"This way," said the girl, leading the way to the back.

As they walked forward the boy who had brought Bob the card sneaked from behind a pile of rags and softly shut and locked the street door.

The girl piloted the way into a large back room.

It was quite as dark as the shop.

"Here he is!" she said, in a loud tone.

Instantly a lamp flashed up and Bob found Norton Crosby facing him.

"Trapped again!" said the crook, with a wicked laugh.

Bob started back in some consternation.

"This is the third and last time, young fellow," said Crosby. "Bring out Sue," he said, turning to a man whom Bob now saw was Tinker.

The girl, with her arms bound, was led out into the room.

"Take your last look at each other," said Crosby. "This chap has but five minutes to live unless you cave in, girl, and buy him off by promising to wed me."

Sue looked yearningly at Bob.

"You don't mean to kill him!" she cried. "Oh, you mustn't—you mustn't."

"Mustn't, eh?" laughed the rascal, wickedly. "You'll see. You hold his life in your hands. Agree to wed and to come West with me to-night and I will let him off."

"No, no, I cannot marry you!" she cried, hysterically.

"Then he dies, and I'll fix you, too!" gritted the crook.

"Look here!" He walked to the wall and pressed a spring.

A trap opened in the floor.

"Do you hear the rush of water? Do you smell the odor? This is an opening to a branch of one of the sewers. It runs into the East River. Everything that falls into it is carried out into the river. If a man finds himself down there he ought to know how to swim a bit, but the gases and the smell will soon do him up. By the time he reaches the river he will be good for nothing but to lay out on a slab at the morgue. Grab him, Tinker, and hold him over the trap."

Bob jumped behind the table on which the lamp stood.

"Stand back! I'll sell my life dearly!" he cried.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Crosby. "You ain't got a chance in a thousand."

Bob picked up an iron rod he saw near by.

"Drop that or I'll blow your brains out!" cried the crook, pulling out his gun and covering the boy. "Now, Sue, it's your last chance. Marry me, or down into the sewer this chap goes!"

The girl struggled with her feelings, and to save Bob's life she seemed about to yield.

"Will you set him loose?" she said.

"I will."

"At once?"

"As soon as we get away from here so he can't set the cops on us he shall go. Tinker will attend to that," said Crosby.

"Then I——"

"Stop!" cried Bob. "You shan't agree to sacrifice your life for me. Norton Crosby, I defy you!"

As he spoke he pushed over the table.

Crash went the lamp on the floor, and with a sputter of flame it went out.

Crack! went Crosby's revolver.

Bob had jumped out of range, and the flash of the revolver lit up the room for a moment, showing the crook's position to the errand boy.

He stood near the open trap.

As darkness fell again, Bob sprang forward and gave Crosby a shove.

The rascal, taken off his guard, staggered back and then, with a cry, fell into the trap, his revolver dropping on the floor.

Tinker struck a light at that moment, and the splash of Crosby's body striking the water reached the room, together with his second cry.

Bob snatched up his revolver and covered Tinker.

"Throw up your hands or I'll send you to meet your pal!" cried the boy, sharply.

At that moment the front door crashed in and two detectives and a policeman dashed into the place.

The lighted candle held by Tinker revealed the situation to them.

While the officers were taking charge of the big crook and the boy and the girl who had acted as decoys, Bob released Sue's arms from the cord that pinioned them.

Bob made an explanation and told how Crosby had met his fate.

"Served him right," said the detective, who had called at Bob's house.

The prisoners were marched to the station-house and Bob escorted Sue to his home, where she was kindly received by Mrs. Gaynor, who knew some of her history.

She remained at the tenement with Bob and his mother and moved with them uptown on the first of May.

She gradually became quite contented with her lot and proved an apt pupil at the dressmaking business, which Mrs. Gaynor continued on a higher scale than before.

There was no service she was not willing to do for Bob, who was the hero of her dreams, and in return the boy took her in hand and devoted his evenings to her mental improvement.

One year later Sue was an ornament to her sex and very happy in her new home.

She declared she owed it all to Bob, and that her gratitude was boundless.

Ten years has elapsed since then and now Sue is Mrs. Bob, who is building up a paying brokerage business for himself and bids fair to become very well off.

And so we draw the curtain on our Wall Street errand boy.

Next week's issue will contain "NEWSBOY PARTNERS; OR, THE LITTLE MONEY-MAKERS OF THE BATTERY."

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THE TEN DOCTORS

OR,

TWENTY YEARS IN SEARCH OF A DIAMOND

By PAUL BRADDON

(CHAPTER XII—Continued)

He was tall and gaunt, and wore an immense white beard, reaching nearly to his waist, while his hair hung in ringlets down his back.

He was clad in a coarse frock, peculiar to his order, and carried a thick oaken staff in his hand, while his features were concealed by a mask of black silk.

He stalked into the room without a word, looking neither to the right nor the left, and approaching the lady, seized her by the throat, and tore from her neck the jeweled collar which she wore.

Waving it once triumphantly above his head, he stalked from the room and was gone.

Neither Charley nor the monk tried for an instant to stop him.

The very boldness of the act seemed to have frozen them where they stood.

It was for an instant only.

"After him!" cried the monk, springing forward. "After the thief! That collar is of priceless value!"

He dashed out among the merry maskers. Charley and the others, including the fallen cavalier, who had now recovered his perpendicular, following:

"Stop thief! Stop that old man with the long beard!"

There were a dozen old men with long beards among the motley throng—no one knew to whom the words applied.

"Stop thief!"

"Stop thief!"

"Stop thief!"

The music continued, but the dancing suddenly ceased, and the maskers ran hither and thither, pushing and falling over each other in the press.

They crowded, they pushed, and they ran.

No one seemed to know what had happened.

From a scene of mirth the great auditorium of the Academy of Music became a pandemonium of excitement.

Fortunately no one cried fire, but it was just as bad.

Strong men rushed for the entrance, trampling over helpless women in their flight.

Oaths!

Prayers!

Are these human beings who thus surge and roar?

Hundreds were thrown down—many were trampled under foot.

The panic which we have had occasion to describe before was as nothing compared with this.

The unfortunate woman whose loss had caused all this was one of the first to fall.

Separated from her companion in the maddened crowd, she was crushed helpless to the floor.

A moment more and she must have suffered a horrible death,

for the throng rushed over her as she vainly sought to regain her feet.

At this critical point a man, clad in the garb of a priest, seized her in his arms and bore her as though she had been a child through the crowd.

"Back! madmen!" he shouted; "back! I say!"

They heeded him not, but by main strength he forced his way through, and a moment later stood panting by the side of her whom he had rescued in the street.

"Sir, how can I ever repay you for your timely assistance?" exclaimed the lady, turning to her rescuer.

The man did not reply.

As he gazed upon the form before him his countenance assumed the hue of death.

"Felicie!"

"My heaven! It is Dom!"

The man put out his hand and grasped her form.

The woman tore herself violently away and fled.

CHAPTER XIII.

A HERALD PERSONAL, WHICH INTERESTS CHARLEY—THE FACE IN THE MIRROR.

"Will the young man who kindly came to the assistance of the flower-girl at the French ball, on Tuesday night, please call at the 'Newport,' Fifty-second street and Broadway. Inquire for Madame Renaud."

"That ought to interest my young friend Charley," said Mr. Simon Munhall to himself, as his eyes fell upon the personal column of the Herald one morning two or three days after the events of the last chapter.

Both he and his fellow-masker—the harlequin—had fortunately escaped the panic unharmed.

"Guess I'll send round for him, and see what he has got to say about it," he continued musingly.

To think was to act with Simon Munhall, and he immediately dispatched the office boy with a note to his young friend.

As the office in which Charley Evringham was employed was but a short distance from the headquarters of Rooney & Noland, in a few moments the boy appeared.

"Did you see this, Charley?" asked the detective, handing him the paper.

Charley cast his eyes over the paragraph indicated.

"By George, Simon!" he exclaimed, "I believe that is intended for me."

"Haven't a doubt of it if the yarn you gave me about rescuing that flower-girl was straight."

"Oh, it was straight as a string. Then this is intended for me sure."

"I think so."

"What had I better do?"

"Why answer it, to be sure."

"How—in person?"

"Certainly. The girl is probably mashed on you. She may be worth a million. So sail in, young fellow, and draw the prize."

"Pshaw!"

"No pshaw about it! You are as good a looking young fellow as they make—why should she not be?"

"She was the living image of myself, Simon."

"So you told me."

"Don't you think it very strange?"

"Nothing is strange to me, Charley; and, all joking aside, I think you ought to investigate this matter at once. You have often told me that you know absolutely nothing of your parents or your past history. Now, you don't know who you are at all—suddenly a beautiful young girl appears—she resembles you strongly—she advertises for you to come and see her—she——"

"No—no! it can't be she, Simon. See, she signs herself Madame Renaud."

"Oh, perhaps she's married."

"Not likely at her age. Why, she can't be much older than I am."

"I see you are in love with her already, Charley," continued the detective, laughing; "go in, old boy! go for the million, and when you get it—see how quick you'll go back on your old friend."

"About as much chance for one as the other," replied Charley, laughing in turn.

His friend's advice seemed sound, however, and he determined to follow it, and in less than an hour's time he stood before the door of the "Newport" apartment house.

"Madame Renaud?" he said to the servant who answered his ring.

"Elevator—second—back," replied the man shortly.

The boy, used to metropolitan ways, took the elevator, reached the "second—back," and was ushered into an elegantly-furnished apartment.

"Madame will receive you in a few moments," said the servant to whom he gave his name.

Charley seated himself gingerly upon the edge of one of the satin-covered chairs, and gazed about the room.

He had never been in an apartment as elegant before.

The carpets were of the finest velvet, the hangings rich and costly.

The furniture was entirely in keeping, while elegant ornaments of bronze adorned the mantels, and paintings in rich frames hung on the walls.

"She must be very rich," thought Charley.

Between the windows hung a large mirror, reaching from ceiling to floor.

The boy arose and surveyed himself in it at full length.

As he did so he suddenly beheld another face looking at him in the mirror from over his shoulder—it was the exact counterpart of his own!

The effect upon the boy was startling.

He realized instantly that the flower girl of the French ball was behind him; but it seemed as though he were powerless to withdraw his eyes from that reflection.

What could it mean?

The boy had many times wondered and dreamed as to his past.

Who was he?

He did not know.

Where had he come from?

He could not tell.

This remarkable resemblance—could there be any connection between himself and this beautiful girl?

Time for such reflections was short, however, as the young lady, with a surprised glance at the mirror, came forward, saying:

"You wished to see my mother, sir?" in a sweet, silvery voice, with just the slightest suspicion of a foreign accent.

"I called to see Madame Renaud," replied Charley, awkwardly, at the same time blushing like a girl.

"She will be here presently, Mr. Evringham," the young lady replied; "meanwhile allow me to thank you for your timely assistance at the ball."

She motioned Charley to a seat.

"Pray be seated, sir," she said. "I would like to talk with you about that disagreeable occurrence of last Tuesday evening."

Charley silently determined, then and there, that any occurrence which had brought him in contact with this little fairy could be anything but disagreeable so far as he was concerned, but he only bowed and seated himself in silence.

"That man from whose cowardice you have twice saved me," continued the young lady, "is a Mr. Burk, the son of one of my mother's oldest friends. On that account I was induced to overlook his conduct upon the first occasion, only to have it repeated in grosser form upon the second—but here comes my mother, Mr. Evringham!" she exclaimed hastily. "I must not breathe another word of this; it is she who wishes to see you; but once more let me thank you."

She held out to Charley her dainty little hand.

Scarcely knowing what he did, the boy bent over and pressed it to his lips.

The young lady blushed, and drew hastily back. At the same moment the door was flung open, and a lady, elegantly dressed, entered the room.

She was a little above the middle height; her carriage was queenly and elegant; her face, once of surpassing beauty, still bore witness to that fact. Her eyes were coal-black, her hair, of the same color, thick and wavy; her age was apparently about forty or forty-five.

As she entered the room, she gazed from Charley's face to that of the young girl with evident perplexity. Approaching the boy, she held out her hand and said, in winning tones:

"Pauline, my daughter, has already thanked you, I see, by her manner, for your timely assistance upon two occasions. Mr. Evringham, let me thank you for so promptly replying to my advertisement.

"It was intended for you. I wish to talk with you for a few moments. Pauline, you may leave me with Mr. Evringham, dear."

"But, ma, I——"

"Leave us!" replied the elder lady, darting a glance at the girl which seemed to indicate that her manner might not always be as sweet as it appeared just now.

The young girl, with a glance at Charley which aroused strange feelings in his breast, arose and left the room.

"Be seated, sir," said Madame Renaud.

Charley, who had arisen at the lady's entrance, and had remained standing, obeyed.

For a few moments Madame Renaud gazed upon him in silence.

"The name you gave the servant was Evringham," she said, at length. "Is that your true one?"

"Yes, Charley Evringham is my name," replied the boy, surprised at the question.

"Might I inquire who your parents were, Mr. Evringham?"

"My parents?"

"Yes."

"I don't know."

"Then Evringham is not your true name? I thought as much."

"It's all the name I ever had," replied the boy, frankly.

"That may be; but how came you by it?"

"I do not know. My early life is a mystery, madam."

The lady gazed upon him intently.

"You have observed, as well as myself," she said at last, "your resemblance to my daughter. I felt curious to learn if you could by any chance be a connection of my family. This is why I have sent for you. Tell me something of your early history."

"I can tell you very little," replied Charley, "for I know absolutely nothing concerning myself. The first person I can recollect is an old woman with whom I lived—old Bridget she was always called. She used to send me out begging for her."

"This lasted four or five years; she used to beat me and half starve me, for I used to hate to beg."

"Are you sure this woman was not your mother?" asked Madame Renaud, in a low voice.

"Oh, positive; she told me so a thousand times. I often tried to learn something about my parents from her, but it was no use; she would tell me nothing, even if she knew."

"How long did you remain with this woman?"

"Until I was about seven years old; then I ran away one day and got in with a lot of boys, and sold newspapers and picked up a living in the streets."

"But did old Bridget never find you?"

"Oh, yes; but I wouldn't go back, you see. I was old enough by that time to know better. After that I went to the mission-schools and found out what life really was. I made up my mind to be something better than a newsboy and a ragamuffin—went to night-school, worked at all sorts of things during the day, until finally I got into my present position in a law office."

The lady seemed greatly affected.

"My boy," she said, "I must see more of you. I lost—I had a sister who lost a son in his infancy, who, had he lived, would have been just your age; you may be he—who knows? But I must and will discover! My husband, Monsieur Renaud, is the secretary of the French ambassador; he is powerful, and will help us. Write down all that you have told me, and a detective shall be employed to trace out your past at once."

"But, madam," stammered Charley, greatly puzzled at this unexpected turn of affairs, "I do not know—I do not like you to bear at all this expense on my account."

"That is my affair," she replied, hastily; "do as I tell you, and at once."

Madame Renaud produced writing materials, drew up a small table, and motioned to the boy to begin work immediately.

Just as he was about to do so the door was opened, and a gentleman entered the room.

He cast upon Charley glances of mingled perplexity and suspicion.

"How is this, Felicie?" he exclaimed; "this boy, again?"

The lady started and turned pale.

"Yes, doctor," she replied, quickly, "this boy, again."

"Did I not tell you——" began the man, angrily.

"Hold!" cried Madame Renaud. "You forget, doctor, that this house is mine."

Her visitor remained silent.

"Go, my boy," she said to Charley, "go now, and to-morrow, at the same hour, return, bringing me the paper you were about to prepare."

Full of doubt and perplexity, Charley Evringham obeyed, and bowing himself from the room, left the "Newport" and made his way down-town.

CHAPTER XIV.

A PAIR OF SCHEMERS—A DESPERATE RESOLVE.

While Charley Evringham was strolling musingly down Broadway, thinking upon the singular events which had happened within the last half hour, an exciting dialogue was passing between the pair whom he had just left.

"Who is that boy, Felicie? What is he doing here?" demanded the man, the instant the door had closed behind our young friend.

"Who is he? I don't know!" was the reply, in scornful tones; "but I propose to find out—it was for that I advertised for him."

"Did you advertise for that boy?"

"I did."

"Then you did a very foolish thing."

"That is my own affair—you don't own me now, if I did sell myself to you twenty years ago!"

"I don't claim to own you, nor do I seek to control you. I only advise."

"Yes, you are always advising me—always thrusting on me your opinions unasked!"

"But my advice is good."

"Not always," replied the lady, impatiently tapping her foot on the carpet.

"See here, Felicie," resumed the man, after a few moments' silence, "there should be no misunderstandings between us—it won't pay. Tell me freely, whom do you believe that boy to be?"

"I believe him to be my son, Marius Burk!" was the fiercely whispered reply; "and if the result proves that I am right, and you attempt to interfere with my plans, I warn you—you do so at your peril! I'm aroused, and no one knows that better than you."

It would have needed but a single glance at Dr. Burk's countenance to have satisfied the most casual observer that he thought she was right.

"I haven't the slightest disposition to interfere with you, Felicie," he replied, in a somewhat modified tone; "but you know as well as I can tell you, that you are talking the rankest kind of nonsense; your boy is dead—has been dead these twenty years."

"So you have always said, and so I have always believed, until day before yesterday," replied Madame Renaud; "but I tell you, Dr. Burk, that such a resemblance cannot be accidental. Why, he and Pauline are exactly alike in every feature. Had my little Gaspard lived he would have been just this boy's age; as babies, he and Pauline could not be distinguished apart, for they were twins, as you very well know."

"Felicie, I tell you again your boy is dead. I am certain of what I say."

"Marius, what the fate of my boy really was I am satisfied, and always have been, you do know; that you are speaking the truth now, or speaking from any knowledge of the truth, I do not believe."

"But he was killed in that railroad accident—you know it as well as I. Why should I know more of his fate than you?"

"His body was never found."

"No; but the car was burnt to ashes—he perished with it." The lady shuddered.

"But for that ill-fated journey, my boy might yet be with me," she said, weeping.

(This story to be continued in our next issue.)

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